The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1928 No. 3277

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 473
EDITORIALS:
- Russian Gold 475
- Illinois Shows the Way 476
- Vikings of the Air 477
- Money While You Wait 477
- Literature and Fresh Air 478

IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 479
PINEAPPLE POLITICS. By Frederic Babcock 480
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—IX. FRANK O. LOWDEN. By Oswald Garrison Villard 482
SOCIALIZED MEDICINE. By Morris Fishbein 484
SAVING THE MINERS' UNION. By Melvin P. Levy 486
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 487
CORRESPONDENCE 488
BOOKS:
- Icelandic Peasant Poems. By Páll Ólafsson 490
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 490
- Analysis and Mush. By Lewis S. Gannett 490
- Another Goethe. By L. M. Hollander 491
- The City Negro. By Robert W. Bagnall 491
- Across Mexico. By Ernest Gruening 492
- Shakespeare and Company. By T. M. Parrott 492
- Instalment Selling. By Harry R. Tosdal 493
- Fiction Shorts. By C. P. F 493
- Books in Brief 494
- Drama. By M. V. D., F. K., M. G., R. L 495

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Oil in Venezuela By Mauritz A. Hallgren 496

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR: FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR: MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

GOOD FOR HENRY FORD! He has taken the occasion of his visit to Great Britain to reannounce his belief in free trade and free competition. Said he: "I don't believe in anything else but free trade all around. I don't know what a tariff means, except that it means giving one crowd an advantage over another. Free trade is competition. . . ." Precisely. Yet curiously enough the very men who inveigh most loudly against the government's going into business are the ones who are most eager to put the government into business with all the protected industries, to make it the partner who guarantees and regulates profits. Mr. Ford, to his credit be it said, has known the folly of tariffs from the very beginning of his career as an automobile maker, and in 1910 sent the present Senator Couzens, then the treasurer of his company, to Washington, at the time of the making of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, to insist that there should be no tariff on foreign cars. The Ford business was then truly an infant industry, but Mr. Couzens declared that tariffs meant waste, inefficiency, and nepotism in every business that was covered by them, since it gave a margin under which the business could be carelessly or lavishly operated and still make money. He and Mr. Ford were, he then stated, of the belief that they had better go out of business if they could not meet and overcome any foreign competition.

THROWN OUT OF COURT as an organization that had come to ask justice "with filthy hands," the Ku Klux Klan has never been so utterly discredited as now at the close of its suit to enjoin five "expelled" members from using the Klan name in Pennsylvania. Judge W. H. S. Thompson, in denying the petition, said

> That the plaintiff organization, through its actual operations and teachings, has stirred up racial and religious prejudices, fomented disorder, and encouraged riots and unlawful assemblies which have resulted in flagrant breaches of the peace, defiance of law, bloodshed, and loss of life, and that such unlawful assemblies and riots have, in many instances, been brought about for the avowed purpose on the part of the officers in control of increasing the membership of the organization.

Which, on the basis of testimony offered by witnesses at the trial of floggings, hangings, tar-and-featherings, burnings at the stake, and incitement to the celebrated riot in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, at which men were beaten and injured and at least one shot to death—all inspired or conducted by the Klan—seems a just and temperate statement of the case. The judge moreover did not hesitate to place on the shoulders of Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire, and once Exalted Cyclops of the Klan, the direct responsibility for the Carnegie riot. If it had been within his power he might well have gone on and urged that Evans be indicted for murder and fraud. But others can do what a judge may not. It is time that the Klan was called what it is, a band of hoodlums, a gang of cutthroats and tools of cutthroats. Decent men have long thought these things about the Klan. To hear them spoken aloud in a court of law is heartening.

COMPLETELY WHITEWASHED by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, Rear Admiral Brumby, recommended for censure and removal from command for his conduct of the rescue operations of the submarine S-4, can now step forward brightly and perform the proper naval equivalent for thumbing his nose at the Naval Court of Inquiry that reprimanded him. Secretary Wilbur says of his inferior officer:

> There is nothing in his conduct in connection with the rescue . . . which is considered blameworthy or other than commendable, and under all the circumstances any errors or oversight or failures in his testimony are insufficient to overcome his splendid record . . . of more than thirty-one years of service in the navy.

And the Rear Admiral himself, in one of his best "explanations," explains:

> A period of nearly four weeks elapsed before I testified at the Court of Inquiry. During this period my time and attention were fully occupied with the work at hand. Under the existing conditions, I feel that it is natural that, due to press of circumstances, some details may have escaped my memory. When the court asked questions that I could not answer with absolute certainty, I said that I did not know, rather than give answers more or less vague, although at the time of the operation I was fully conversant with the work going on and could have answered technical questions regarding it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In other words, when Admiral Brumby repeated ad infinitum and ad nauseam "I don't know," or "I really couldn't say," or "I left that to the young men in charge," in answer to questions about the conduct of salvage operations while forty men died in blackness under the sea, he really didn't mean it. He knew all the time; his memory was a little vague, to be sure, but he *really could have answered the questions*, if only—if only the moon had been right, or something. If Admiral Brumby could have replied with intelligence and knowledge, it is unfortunate, both for himself and the navy, that he did not do so. As it is, Secretary Wilbur's whitewash does not stick.

THE OKLAHOMA AND IOWA PRIMARIES were so unexpectedly favorable to Governor Smith that his supporters are now warranted in believing that he is practically certain of the Democratic nomination. Mr. McAdoo's effort to raise up an opposition candidate in the person of Senator Walsh is plainly belated. The Senator has admirable qualities and would in many respects make an excellent Chief Executive. But it is Governor Smith who seems to have caught the popular fancy, while Senator Walsh, despite his great abilities, has been known to the public at large only through his probing of the oil scandals. We cannot yet believe that the Democratic convention will be a mere love-feast. The Wets and Drys are bound to clash. If the religious issue is not forced to the front through the acts of such men as Senator Heflin it will be more than surprising. Meanwhile, those hesitant politicians who always wait to see which way the cat is going to jump are drifting over to Governor Smith. He, it is reported, will soon formally announce his candidacy and give his views on national issues. The sooner the better. The country is entitled to have his views on the issues; they have been withheld too long.

CHEERS FROM SOME AL SMITH supporters greet the announcement that the commissioners of Forsythe County, North Carolina, have refused the use of the county courthouse to Senator Heflin of Alabama while Governor Smith is the guest of the Tar Heel State. We like Al Smith and we despise the cheap bigotry of Heflin; but if Al Smith were in his finest vein we think that he would publicly regret the action of the county commissioners. It is no courtesy to the things he stands for to refuse free speech to his opponents. When the Klan and the Klansmen doff their nightshirts and hoods and come out into the open, let them speak wherever they can find an audience to listen; Heflins suppressed are more dangerous than Heflins deflated by their own excessive oratory. We feel similarly about the anti-German propaganda film, "Dawn." It revives the Edith Cavell story with the deliberate purpose of stirring up war-time hates; but we believe that the German-American societies by their well-meant endeavor to suppress it have given it an effective advertising which, without them, it could never have won.

IN SO FAR AS MR. HOOVER has moved toward the ending of segregation in his Department, he is entitled to commendation. For what he has done he has been violently attacked by Senator Stephens of Mississippi, who made at least one misstatement in his letter—that segregation had always existed in the departments at Washington. This is an untruth; there never was any segregation until Woodrow Wilson came into office and the Southern members of his Cabinet began the segregation. For a time then it was checked; but there have been recent signs of a recurrence of this discrimination. It ought to be fought wherever it shows itself. The idea that the Government of the United States should take the position that there are two kinds of American citizens, so differentiated that they cannot work within the same room, is utterly preposterous. Insistence upon this would be a more deliberate and a more serious blow at American democracy than anything which has been suggested by the Communists in this country. Senator Stephens says that Mr. Hoover acted merely for political reasons. We do not undertake to read Mr. Hoover's mind, but we do know that his action followed upon a vigorous campaign to end segregation which had been carried on by the Washington branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People of which branch Mr. Neval H. Thomas is the head.

THE KELLOGG-BRIAND DEBATE on paths to peace has been transferred to a larger stage. England, Germany, Italy, and Japan have been invited to join the discussion. M. Briand, it will be recalled, suggested, a year ago, that France and the United States renounce war as between them. Mr. Kellogg replied, eight months later, suggesting that the renunciation be made multilateral. This, conflicting with France's system of alliances, led France to suggest, first, outlawry of aggressive wars only, then an inquiry whether the other nations were ready for outlawry. Accordingly, Mr. Kellogg has offered to the other four Great Powers, for comment, a treaty agreeing to seek "settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them" by pacific means only. France is, apparently, repeating her insistence that the treaty must be universal, that the renunciation should apply only to aggressive war, and that in case one Power contravene the treaty the other Powers shall automatically be relieved of their obligation. Thus the Geneva-Locarno and the Kellogg-Briand long-distance debates are amalgamated, and set upon an intercontinental stage. This solemn international discussion is wholesome. It puts nations on their mettle to prove their will to peace. Essentially, of course, the old question is at issue: Security or disarmament, which comes first? The French still believe in enforced peace, and, with their history, that is natural. But the United States, we believe, is right in laying the emphasis on the will to peace rather than upon the punishment of the sinner. Mr. Kellogg's new doctrine, however, sounds strange from the lips of that belligerent pacifier of Nicaragua. Does he think that in Central America the Marine Corps is a "pacific means of settlement"?

IN HAVANA the students take politics seriously. Twenty-one of them were expelled last autumn for protesting too vigorously against President Machado's efforts to extend his term of office; and the university was closed for the period of the Pan-American Conference, thus keeping the state of mind of the ebullient students from the attention of the delegates from other lands. Now twenty-one more students have been expelled, and the university grounds are occupied by soldiers. In March forty-three students signed a protest against Machado's dictatorship; when, on April 9, the University Council met to discipline them, other student

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sympathizers broke down the door of the council-room and invaded the council with their protests. Armed men were called in to disperse the indignant students; but the next day 800 of them gathered on the monumental stairway leading to the university and refused to enter the classrooms until their comrades were released. As a result another batch of twenty-one have been expelled, and more have been arrested, charged with sedition. Meanwhile President Machado has announced that he will seek reelection for a six-year term of office. Since he does not permit the Opposition to hold a meeting or publish a newspaper, his victory in an election would be almost certain; but he might recall that twice in Cuba's history rebellions have been precipitated by the attempt of presidents to repeat their terms in office, and that one of the leaders of the last such rebellion was General Gerardo Machado y Morales, the present President of Cuba.

NOTES ON WOMEN: In San Juan province, Argentina, women voted for the first time on April 8. The statisticians report that whereas only 74 per cent of the men went to the polls, 84 per cent of the women voted. (In the advanced United States about 50 per cent of the eligible voters vote in a Presidential year.) On the other hand, in Rosario, a city of 400,000 inhabitants, also in Argentina, some months ago, 28 women took the trouble to register; and in the senatorial election in the province of Rio Grande do Norte, Brazil, on April 8, precisely 11 women voted in the capital city of Natal. From which mixed reports the philosophers of feminism and anti-feminism may derive equal comfort. Meanwhile we hail the appointment of Doris Stevens as chairman of the Pan-American Woman's Commission. Where the women, as in San Juan, are awake, Doris Stevens will help organize them for other triumphs; where, as in Rosario and Natal, they are asleep, she will rouse them; and where, as at Havana, men are calmly assuming government and politics to be the exclusive prerogative of the male, Doris Stevens will lead a parade of women into their somber sessions and inform them that this is the Twentieth Century.

AN OLD STORY is not news, no matter how important. Thus the election of Daniel W. Hoan, Socialist, for a fourth four-year term as Mayor of Milwaukee on April 3 was either ignored by the metropolitan press or crowded into a few obscure lines at the bottom of some other political story. Yet in many ways the fact that a large and prosperous industrial city, having had twelve years of a Socialist administrator, decides to keep him for another four years is more significant than his first election. Unfortunately, although Mayor Hoan was reelected by 64,874 votes against 46,657 for his coalition rival, he failed to carry with him the other three Socialist candidates for general city offices and the Socialist minority among the aldermen was cut down. In New York City the national Socialist convention has nominated Norman Thomas for President and James K. Maurer for Vice-President. Mr. Thomas, contributing editor of *The Nation* and director of the League for Industrial Democracy, is a man of the highest character and ability, superbly equipped for the role of Socialist Presidential candidate in the coming campaign, and Mr. Maurer, long president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, is one of the heroes of the American labor movement. If American politics selected its leaders on the basis of character, these men's campaign would fill the papers.

Russian Gold

SOVIET gold has become the central figure in a mystery story of international intrigue and adventure more romantic than Henty's best. On April 5, under cover of darkness and secrecy and armed guards, $5,200,000 in gold bars was put on board the liner Dresden bound from New York to Germany via Cherbourg. On April 13 the same gold was transferred in mid-Channel eight miles off Falmouth, England, on a night just as dark and under circumstances just as mysterious, to a tramp steamer chartered by the Soviet Government. The arrival of that gold in the United States and its romantic exit were both moves in a game that involves the trade and political relations of France, Russia, and the United States. The gold came to the United States to lend solidity and prestige to Soviet trade with American firms. Two of the greatest banks in the country, the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company, received the gold as agents of the Russian State Bank. The gold was refused by the United States Government for assay and became, commercially, as worthless as its weight in mud—and more expensive to care for. The Bank of France brought suit against the two American banks to obtain possession of the gold, which, it claimed, was the property of France deposited in Russia before the Revolution. The suit is now on; and the gold, meanwhile, has slipped out of New York and past Cherbourg, foiling any intention the French may have had to attach it.

But probably France had no such intention. On March 28 *The Nation* printed an article suggesting that since the Bank of France had little legal chance of recovering the gold, its suit against the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company was perhaps actuated by political motives; that the Russian gold was merely a handy weapon in a long-drawn struggle for trade advantages against the United States. Its recent course has borne out this view. When they filed suit on March 6, the French sent letters to both American banks stating that photographs and documents were on the way from France, proving that the gold was French property. To this day the French have not produced their promised evidence; and the gold has gone back into Russian hands. The American banks claim that, no matter to whom the gold may belong, it does not belong to them and therefore cannot be recovered from them. From the first, they have stated that they acted only as agents for the Soviet Government. On the other hand, since the Soviet Government has not been recognized, neither it nor any of its institutions can sue or be sued in the American courts. This situation presents an amusing legal problem, and it may suggest to our State Department that, in spite of Mr. Kellogg's recent remarks, recognition of the Soviet Government might, after all, result in solid commercial advantages.

Out of the bag comes another large black cat. The Assay Office refused this Russian gold because its title was "in doubt," but the New York *Times* on April 15 described how the billion-dollar pre-war Russian gold reserve has been drained into Western Europe since the Revolution, and thence has made its way into the United States, so that the *Federal Reserve Bulletin* of June, 1922, stated that most of it was actually in our own federal reserve vaults. Is it possible that a substantial part of Mr. Coolidge's prosperity is built on Soviet gold?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illinois Shows the Way

THE results of the Illinois primary constitute the most heartening event in American political life in years. Not that we are under the slightest illusion as to the worth of some of the men who defeated Mayor Thompson and Governor Small. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that it took murders and wholesale bombings and an open alliance between law-enforcing officials and criminals to arouse the people of Chicago and the rural portions of the State to do that which a decent respect for their citizenship and their country would have dictated years ago. None the less, taking the job on its face, it was well done. The most that had been hoped for was a defeat of the cohorts of the Mayor, but veteran political observers of a detached point of view were not willing to prophesy that it would take place. Now we have the verdict—decisive, overwhelming, satisfactory not only for itself but because it is another indication of the coming awakening of the American people from their political and moral indifference.

It is surely a triumph by itself to eliminate Mayor Thompson as a political power in Illinois, just at the moment when he was planning to play a marplot's role at the Republican National Convention, but it is even finer to have removed State's Attorney Crowe, Senator-designate Frank L. Smith, and Governor Len Small at the same time. The biggest fish are safely in the net. Governor Small had himself been stamped by the Supreme Court of Illinois as guilty of a misuse of public funds when he was State treasurer. The ending of his career would alone have made this election worth while. So, too, the retirement to private life of Frank L. Smith would have been a cause for rejoicing. Rejected by the Senate because of the huge expenditures made by his supporters, notably the public-service corporations, in his primary election, Mr. Smith was immediately appointed Senator by Governor Small—with a great show of outrage that the lawless Senate should deprive the sovereign State of Illinois of its right to send whomsoever it saw fit to Washington; that it should compel it to be with only half its representation in the upper chamber in Washington. Mr. Smith was equally defiant and had openly boasted that he would be back next winter knocking at the doors of the Senate with a mandate which the Senate could not reject. But the people of Illinois decided to take a hand, and by a majority of more than 200,000 they designated a little-known rural prosecutor, Otis F. Glenn, as the Republican nominee for the Senate.

As for State's Attorney Crowe, he had been denounced by the president of the Chicago Crime Commission as unfit to be in charge of the crime-enforcement machinery of Cook County. The best citizenship of Chicago has for years been convinced that Mr. Crowe was utterly unworthy of his task, to put it in the politest way. Many have not hesitated to go much further. It is a satisfaction to know that Judge John A. Swanson has defeated him for renomination, and that there is an excellent prospect that he, or the Democratic nominee, Judge Lindsay, will decide to investigate the relations of crime and criminals to the Thompson Administration when one of them takes office. Mr. Thompson had announced that he would resign if Mr. Crowe should not be renominated. That was merely one of his many bluffs. He is not of the kind to resign as long as there is any prospect for future political activity. Doubtless he will recall the fact that he was defeated once and returned to office the second time. Now things are different; we cannot bring ourselves to believe that there is any further chance for him in the politics of Chicago—he could not carry even his own ward. His preposterous campaign to rewrite the text-books of history and to dominate the school system in Chicago gave him international notoriety which every American ought to be glad to have ended. It may now even occur to the President of the United States that it is no longer advisable or necessary to invite "Big Bill" Thompson to meals at the White House, as Mr. Coolidge lately did, at the very time when the decent citizens of Chicago were uniting to rid the city of Thompson's pestiferous influence.

Still another gratifying outcome of the polling was the renomination of Congressman-at-large Henry R. Rathbone. We had greatly feared that this useful Representative might be defeated by the candidacy of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick. Instead, the other Congressman-at-large, Richard Yates, who served five terms in Congress without profit either to the State or to the country, has been retired to private life. Mrs. McCormick's nomination makes probable the election to the next Congress of an able and public-spirited woman whose original candidacy we hailed with great satisfaction last fall. We must confess, however, to disappointment in her candidacy. Unlike Mr. Rathbone, Mrs. McCormick neither openly nor covertly, so far as any one knows, lifted her hand to oppose Mayor Thompson. On the contrary, Mayor Thompson declared publicly that he had had several conferences with Mrs. McCormick and found her in full accord with his principles. Mrs. McCormick never denied this statement. More than that, there is evidence that she has been in active alliance with State's Attorney Crowe. Instead of refusing to be affiliated with either side from the beginning of her candidacy, Mrs. McCormick leaned to the Crowe-Thompson side until the Lowden-Deneen-Emmerson-Glenn forces loomed up as possible winners. Then she decided to be neutral. Public life will not gain by the entry of women of Mrs. McCormick's ability and standing if they pussyfoot and trim in that manner.

As for the newly chosen candidates, we cannot forget that Louis L. Emmerson, now the official Republican candidate for Governor, was the manager of ex-Governor Lowden's campaign for the Presidency in 1920. It was during this campaign that the sum of $32,303 was expended. Two delegates received $2,500 apiece for which they rendered no services. It was the revelation of this fact which caused the collapse of Mr. Lowden's candidacy. No one believes that Mr. Lowden himself was cognizant of what was done, but whether the responsibility rested with Mr. Emmerson himself or his Missouri manager is not clear. We can only say that we trust that the voters of Illinois will weigh carefully the question whether the Democratic candidate is not a better prospect than Mr. Emmerson. We hope, too, that they will continue the good work by retiring Senator Deneen when he comes up for reelection, generally cleaning house from top to bottom. They have shown what can be done when they are aroused. They should stay at a white heat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vikings of the Air

WHEN Eric the Red, father of that Leif Ericson who first among white men discovered America, set sail from Iceland in the year 986 with twenty-five open ships, his veins must have throbbed with much the same blood as, a thousand years later, pulsed in the bodies of Alcock and Brown, of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and Levine, of Coli and Nungesser, Costès and Lebrix, and of Ehrenfried von Huenefeld, James Fitzmaurice, and Hermann Koehl.

Only fourteen of Eric's twenty-five ships ever reached Greenland; and fifteen men and three women have died within a year in the attempt to bridge the Atlantic by fragile airplanes. The world has forgotten the men who grumbled "suicide" when Eric shouted to his men to pull on their oars; and it will soon forget the grumblers of today. More men and women will lose their lives, and hundreds of others will vainly clamor for the chance to risk theirs, before transatlantic flying becomes as safe as steamship travel is today. But the job will be done; and when it is done, we shall honor dead heroes but shall no more begrudge them than we begrudge the martyrs who perished when sails and oars were discovering new coasts across the seas. Who would not rather have died with Bruce Goldsborough than live to be a garage mechanic at a crossroads?

Possibly a few score men saw Eric start; still fewer, probably, ever heard of his safe colonization of Greenland. The story of his son Leif's discovery of the North American continent was so little known that it was forgotten for centuries. But in 1928 the streets of Berlin and Dublin and New York were black with anxious crowds waiting for news of the fliers; and the bulletins of their success were rushed to print in the newspapers of ten thousand cities, scattered over all the five continents of the globe. They bridged with airplanes an ocean that had already been bridged with ships, cables, radiotelegraphy, and wireless telephones. The upper air, and the Antarctic icecap, and the bottom of the sea are still worthy of explorers, but the planet on which we dwell has shrunk to petty, familiar proportions since Leif Ericson sailed an uncharted sea for lands undreamed of.

Eric the Red's men hunted Eskimos; and perhaps the Eskimos were responsible for the disappearance of the Norse civilization which flourished for five centuries after Eric's day in Greenland—no man knows. The world he lived in had not yet learned even to talk of the outlawry of war. Von Huenefeld, Fitzmaurice, and Koehl dropped onto Greenly Island sure that whoever lived there would share with them whatever food and warmth might be at hand. They could not have landed on unfriendly soil. And their flight will bind Germany, Ireland, Canada, and the United States closer together.

But we are still partial in our vision of flying. England recalls that Alcock and Brown were first to fly across the Atlantic; the United States can hardly see beyond the mighty shadow of Lindbergh; Germany and Ireland today think only of this first East-to-West passage; and France is too busy celebrating the return of Costès and Lebrix to spare much attention for the German-Irish fliers. Each of the national heroes is worthy of all praise; but each nation is still a little blind in celebrating its own. Costès and Lebrix, for instance, have never had in this country the prestige they deserve. These men had already flown their plane to Siberia and back, to Persia and back, to Africa and back, from Paris, before they set out to circle the globe. They have flown, as punctually on schedule time as Lindbergh himself, from Paris to Algiers; across the Sahara Desert to St. Louis on the west coast of Africa; across the South Atlantic to Brazil; they have toured all South and Central America; have winged their way, little heeded, about the United States; then they packed their plane on an ocean liner and, reassembling it in Japan, sped in six days from Japan across China, Indochina, Malaysia, India, Persia, Arabia, Greece, and Italy, home to Paris—a world tour more remarkable even than that of our own Brock and Schlee. But because they were Frenchmen, we have not given them in this country half the applause we gave Ruth Elder and George Haldeman for tumbling safely into the sea beside a Dutch tanker off the Azores. Provincialism is not dead.

Frenchman, Englishman, German, Irishman, son of the vikings, Jew, Italian, plain Yankee—race after race has proved its skill and valor in the air. The Japanese may yet be first to fly straight across the Pacific, and a Negro may, in this day and generation, follow. There is, of course, a certain madness in the game. The newspaper ballyhoo, assuredly, was not matched in the vikings' day; but the gambling competition for fame and money, after all, is not so totally different from the hope of profitable real estate which sent Eric to Greenland or the lust for gold which spurred Columbus and his Spanish followers across the dangerous sea. Instinctively, we hail these men who live dangerously. The world is a bit sick of safety; and sick, we hope, of danger found only in threatening danger to others. It loves the stories of the old vikings and of the men who first set sail in unknown seas; it loves these vikings of the air. And it is right.

Money While You Wait

WOLVES as well as sheep flourish in fat pastures—the sheep on the pasturage and the wolves on the sheep. An era in which money is so easy that hundreds of thousands of persons confidently discount their future by undertaking to buy automobiles, radios, and miscellaneous luxuries on the instalment plan is one in which swindlers, "loan sharks," and other creatures with voracious appetites and murky morals multiply at an alarming rate. New York City has lately been taking stock of its "loan sharks" and observing somewhat both their habits and their habitat. As might be expected, it is proposing to reform their habits rather than their habitat, with the prospect of attaining the usual transitory results. There have been a number of indictments, there may be even some convictions, but in general "loan sharks" will not worry much—or long—while pickings are so good.

The business of lending money at extortionate rates and recovering it by blood-bringing methods is one of the oldest in the world, but modern conditions have developed new methods. From the facts developed in the inquiry conducted by the United States Attorney in New York City it appears that two money-lending concerns often work in concert in order to avoid conflict with anti-usury laws. One company charges a huge fee for "investigation"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and arrangements and then passes the victim on to another for a loan that can be justified legally. The loot is divided according to a prearranged schedule. The total charges amount to interest at from 20 to 100 per cent.

Automobile owners are a much-esteemed food of "loan sharks," and the cars offer an excellent opportunity for novel and ruthless exploitation. A woman borrowed $200 on an automobile, promising to pay back $250 in six months. She defaulted on the first payment, her car was seized, and it cost her $313.50 to recover it: the $250 agreed upon, $20 for storage, $6 for towing, $30 as a "repossess" fee, and $7.50 as auctioneer's fee—although there was no auction. In the meanwhile the tools had been stolen and the car damaged. One bit of technique is a fake auction. When payments are defaulted the car pledged as security is seized and a dummy bids it in at a fictitious auction at about one-third of the money due. The victim is then sued for the difference between the sale price and the money due, while the exploiters further fatten their account by reselling the car and pocketing the proceeds.

But the most novel procedure seems to be in connection with what is called "repossessing" cars. One man told of having repossessed 600 cars in three years. He received $25 for each car, but signed a receipt for $35.

"That extra ten, I suppose, was charged against the victim?" asked the United States Attorney.

"That's my belief," replied the witness.

The man worked with a pretty young woman as a decoy. Many of the borrowers were taxicab drivers. When they defaulted in payments the job of the young woman was to engage the taxi and have it driven to a prearranged point. Then she would lure the driver out of and away from the cab. Thereupon the man in waiting stepped inside and drove away, but stopped at the nearest telephone and notified the police that the car had been repossessed. This put him right with the authorities and headed off an investigation which would have followed otherwise and might have led to unpleasant disclosures for the money lenders. When the victim notified the police that his automobile had been stolen he would get the reply: "Oh, no, your car hasn't been stolen; it has been repossessed."

One taxicab driver appeared at the inquiry who began by borrowing $100 and ended by losing his car and his home. Another told how he had begun by borrowing $100. His bill eventually ran up to $552, although he never received more than $220.

It may strike the reader that many of the practices revealed are not only unscrupulous but also illegal. Undoubtedly this is so. The holding of a fictitious auction of a car, for instance, with a subsequent actual sale at a much higher figure, is obviously fraudulent and would subject those responsible to criminal prosecution if the facts should be discovered. But they rarely are. The man who deals with "money sharks" is not usually keen in smelling a rat or in hunting it down if he does. Generally he wants to conceal his borrowings from his friends and especially from his employer. The last thing he wants is any publicity. For the most part the methods of the money lenders, however reprehensible, are probably within the law. In any event it is unlikely that the nature of the sheep is going to be changed by punishing the wolves. To punish the sheep might be more effective, but perhaps the wolves do that as well as anybody.

Literature and Fresh Air

THE headmaster of Westminster School, London, was recently so bold as to make a generalization about the relative merits of country and city life. It is a real issue in these days when we have begun to be a bit aghast at the Babylons that have erected themselves across the face of the Western world. There are those like H. G. Wells who accept the city as our only destiny and urge us frankly to develop the country as its play- and feeding-ground; but then there are those who cry out that our salvation will consist in transcending, if not in unbuilding, the modern metropolis. The headmaster of Westminster School hewed somewhat between the lines with this advice to his students: "In order to live your life well, play in the country but work in the town. It is in the great vitality of the great town's life that the individual is stimulated and compelled to think." The editor of the *Countryman*, a pleasant little rural journal bound in green covers, saw a challenge here and invited a number of distinguished English authors to express their opinions in the matter.

Arnold Bennett, leading off, dismissed the question in nine words: "It makes no difference to me where I work." Hilaire Belloc said the same thing—characteristically enough—with twenty-two words and one exclamation point. But most of the contributors made choices, or at least compromises; and the keynote of all the more interesting replies was struck by Clemence Dane, who agreed with the headmaster that cities are stimulating but disagreed with him over the quality of the stimulus. "That is to say," she said, "one is taking mental cocktails all day long; but the end of a month of mental cocktails is complete physical exhaustion. . . . I am sure that in the end the *quality* of the work [done in the country] improves." Aldous Huxley went even farther in Miss Dane's direction. "What the headmaster of Westminster calls 'the great vitality of the great town' seems to me to bear a close resemblance to the great vitality of a dead frog's leg when an electric current is passed through it." And since one of these Englishmen was bound to take a slap at us over here, Mr. Aldous Huxley decided to do it by adding: "The most highly galvanized corpse-cities are, of course, to be found in America." John Galsworthy said briefly that his best work had been done in the country; so did Havelock Ellis, Sir Oliver Lodge, Ramsay MacDonald, John Masefield, May Sinclair, and T. F. Powys—the latter insisting that he neither worked nor played in London. A. A. Milne and Henry W. Nevinson admitted that they would work in the country if they could, but said that they could not because the country is too beautiful and distracting. Virginia Woolf suspected that "the country is best for reading and London best for writing"; while Sidney Webb said that London is necessary for stimulus and the country desirable for study. George Moore simply requested the headmaster to remember "that people taken up from the country to be educated in the towns never return to the country."

It would be amusing, and perhaps enlightening, to see what an equivalent group of American writers would say. It would be still more valuable to know whether any person really understands himself in this connection. How many authors have not done their best work in town at the very moment when they were wishing they were somewhere else?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE Supreme Court is one of the proudest bulwarks of our liberty, and anybody who dares to criticize it is probably a criminal anarchist and a bomb-thrower. I suppose every good citizen will subscribe to that statement without quibble. But unfortunately there now seems to be under way a process known as "boring from within." The court is under frequent and specific criticism from a gentleman who cannot even be blacklisted by the D. A. R., so manifest is his devotion and service to this country. He is not a member of the younger generation or the Greenwich Village crowd, and I have never heard it said that he was tainted with the gold of Russia. If the Supreme Court is an institution so shrewdly conceived in theory and so magnificently administered in practice, why do we so frequently see the phrase "Justice Holmes dissenting?"

Indeed the man has allies who serve with him to bring our greatest court into disrepute. Upon numerous occasions the tally reads: "Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone dissenting." Upon many occasions the opinion of the minority is written by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Indeed a tabulation of this man's protests against the decisions of his colleagues would form an excellent summary of the fight for human rights during the last two decades. The political situation of the United States at the moment is wholly awry. In our legislative halls there is a most confused and inexact division between liberal and conservative points of view. It has become trite by now to point out that there is no coherence in either of the major parties and that certain Democrats should by every rule of logic become Republicans and vice versa. The present party system merely tends to obscure and hinder the natural and inevitable clash between liberal and conservative. The uniforms have been all mixed up and few know which is friend and which is foe.

But upon our bench, dedicated to calm and non-partisan survey of national legislation, the fundamental political line is nicely and ever so firmly drawn between the go-aheads and standpats. It may seem the part of enlightened democracy to tolerate in high office men whose views are so much more radical than those of the country at large, but this system cannot be said to endanger prosperity, big business, and Calvin Coolidge, for there is a safe majority of tories. Little is left to the liberals except eloquent dissent.

Possibly it may be said that I exaggerate the situation. It is true that now and then there is a slightly new alignment on some issue or other, but in all the fundamental cases you will discover Holmes and Brandeis and Stone together and outvoted. The suggestion that Supreme Court judges be elected or that their decisions be subject to recall by popular vote has always been regarded as the sin against the Constitution. No other blasphemy is quite so black. To be sure neither Holmes nor either of his fellow-dissenters has ever said anything to give direct comfort to those who would reform the court by such measures, but his criticisms upon occasion do bite very deeply into the accumulated strands of precedent and tradition which are the Supreme Court. The man who dares you to say one word against the sacred institution ought to be made to specify. Does he stand by the court as it was conceived in the Constitution or by the body which has come into being with the gradual accumulation of powers never granted but all usurped?

I am not myself speaking purely for the old court, for it is largely through the seizure of authority that the Supreme Court has done its bit to sweep away the noxious theory of States' rights. I suppose the justices have done as much as ever Union soldiers did to batter down the sovereignty of the particular units as opposed to the federal whole. By a curious quirk Justice Holmes who himself bore arms in the conflict is now among the States'-rights wing of the court upon certain occasions. There is just reported a case in which he took such a view. As described in the New York *Times* a Kentucky railway company gave an exclusive contract to a taxicab concern to operate a stand within the grounds of one of its stations. Kentucky courts ruled that it was illegal for the company to grant such a right, whereupon the taxicab concern dissolved in Kentucky, incorporated in Tennessee, and got its stand by decision of the Supreme Court.

This may be excellent law but it makes very little sense to the lay mind. Indeed in all the conflicts between Holmes and his associates his views seem much more reasonable. In part this may be traced to the fact that he is a superb writer on a bench largely made up of men who have no talent for expression, no matter what their legal capacity may be. I suppose the bench and bar is almost the worst training school in the country for authorship. There are not ten judges in the whole United States who can express themselves in clear and understandable English. Indeed only two names come immediately to mind—those of Holmes in Washington and Cardoza of the New York bench.

In regard to the taxicab opinion delivered for the majority by Justice Butler, Holmes said that it rested "upon a subtle fallacy" and that out of this there had sprung "an unconstitutional usurpation of power by the courts of the United States which no lapse of time or respectable array of opinion should hesitate to make us correct." That is undeniably strong language. The Key and Minute Men of America would do well to keep an eye on Justice Holmes. The full decision does not lie before me, and I assume that the dissenter probably did not go on to explain in just what way the courts of the United States can be curbed from exercising unconstitutional powers. If it is conceivable that the highest court of all may promulgate heresy, just how is this to be corrected? We are back in the old chicken-and-egg controversy. Does the Constitution make the court or the court the Constitution?

However, I rather feel that at times Holmes goes a step beyond either of these authorities. Almost alone he has fought the fight to insist that man was not made for law. Back of precedents and provisions there stands a superior power. These men in a little room are not gods because they wear black robes. They cannot exercise an authority by which the repeatedly declared will of a majority may be frustrated. Election of judges or recall of decisions may not serve well in practice, but it is not unpatriotic or even strikingly radical to maintain that some way must in time be found to make the Supreme Court responsive and responsible to the popular will.

HEYWOOD BROUN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pineapple Politics

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

At the battlefront, Chicago, April 16

MEET Big Bill. Blatant, muddle-headed, obnoxious, incoherent. A big noise in a big hulk. Some say he is the Spirit of Chicago. That charge held good until Tuesday, April 10. On that memorable day something came up and hit him. Now he has that touch of melancholy so essential to the art of a clown.

Meet Abie Arends. In the mauve decade he was the masculine madame of a house of prostitution. More recently he has moved up a notch and has been engaged by Bill to teach the populace the plaintive song-poem of Packingtown:

> Scanning hist'ry's pages,
> We find names we love so well,
> Heroes of all ages—
> Of their deeds we love to tell.
> Who is the one,
> Chicago's greatest son?
> It's Big Bill, the Builder—

And so on, for fourteen verses.

Meet Al Capone, called "Scarface." Ruler of the realm of racketeering. Overlord of the underworld. The man to whom 3,000,000 people pay tribute—$75,000,000 annually. The man in charge of the procurers and the killers who manage the elections.

Meet Harry Gusick. He and his woman were once convicted of pandering, of selling a bewildered country girl into the pit that has no bottom. Len Small's pardon saved them from the stigma of doing a stretch in prison. Now Harry is one of the main cogs in the machine of Al Capone.

Four of the principals in our offering for this evening: a melodrama of intrigue and adventure, of suspense and conflict, of thrills and super-thrills, of passion and plunder—and pineapples.

The plot has its beginnings in the making of a machine that is to become the most formidable, the most menacing, in all Chicago's history. The plot ends in the smashing of that machine on the rocks of its own placing. Threaded through the recital runs an amazing tale of the rise of open terrorism, of almost unbelievable corruption, of demagoguery and thuggery, of a government of clowns and a super-government of crooks.

For the setting we have a city which some of us believe is destined to be the greatest in the world, but which today, we all admit, is still the callow youth of the plains. A city dominated by a stockyards aristocracy. A city suffering from growing pains. A city with a bad-boy complex, smoking its first cigar. Give it time; it will come out all right.

Act I: The Rise of Terrorism

The lifting curtain finds "Scarface Al" Capone in the center of the stage. He has held the spotlight ever since the mayoralty election of a year ago, when Bill Thompson was returned to power. The votes had scarcely been counted before Al set out to join the city's gambling, prostitution, brewing, moonshining, and bootlegging into one vast ring of vice. He succeeded—in such spectacular fashion as to arouse the envy of many a captain of more legitimate industry.

He alone supplies beer to downtown Chicago. He alone exacts tribute on nearly every barrel of beer tapped between Madison Street and the Indiana State line. And thousands of stills percolating in Little Italy and throughout the West and South Sides render him tribute in cash or "alky." Commercialized vice, too, recognizes his thraldom. He has an interest in every section of city and county. The gambling trust bears the same imprint. Al controls at least fifteen of the larger establishments, and from members of the Thompson administration he has bought up the city-wide gaming privilege at a flat rate. Besides setting up his own little Monte Carlos—some of them palaces and some of them just "joints"—he takes 25 per cent of the gross profit in every place that aspires to run without fear of the police.

At times his dictatorship is disputed. Especially on the North Side, where the pickings are rich. Polack Joe Saltis, Frank McErlane, and others from time to time have set up independent duchies. Some of them are still among the living. Others have been "taken for a ride," have fallen afoul of a machine-gun bullet, or have stepped in the path of a "pineapple"—Chicago parlance for bomb.

In building up his organization Capone has gathered around him as choice a group of racketeers, gunmen, hoodlums, and what-not as ever saw the inside of a rogues' gallery. He never ventures out without a bodyguard of ten or more of these creatures, well-dressed, tight-lipped, shifty-eyed. But the duties of these minute men consist of far more than guarding their precious package. When rivals dare enter the Capone kingdom, or distillers dare question the Capone levy or the price of sugar, or barkeeps seek a source of supply other than the Capone brewery, the Capone army takes care of them. Law and order of the Capone variety must be and is maintained. An obdurate moonshiner may see the light with the crash of a gun butt on his head. A saloonkeeper may decide, while spitting out a half-dozen teeth, that Capone's beer is what his customers cry for. Or almost any morning a county-highway policeman or a small-town constable may find a bullet-torn body in a roadside ditch. Whereupon another casualty is marked up in the gang-war column, or there is an addition to the list of sixty-eight bombings in six months' time.

Thus Chicago lives by gang law. Thus the world's sausage metropolis, which used to limit its slaughtering to the stockyards, takes on new airs. But "Scarface Al," accused as he has been of participating in a score of such murders, is no wanton killer. He knows that money often is as powerful as death or the threat of death.

When the thunder of political oratory sounds, Al is summoned into council for the good of the party. Campaigns cost money; there are halls to be hired, bands must be paid for braying, speakers must have their honoraria, printers must have their cash, and there are "incidental expenses." And, when properly shown the need for money, the impulsive, warm-blooded Sicilian "Scarface" is not one to let the country go to the dogs. He contributes gener-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ously to the coffers of both factions and both parties. His usual practice in this regard is to align himself with the party or faction picked to win, letting a trusted lieutenant do what is necessary for the other side. No matter who loses the Capone interests win.

On election day Al is no laggard sitting at home and waiting for a precinct captain or a civic organization to interest him in the voting. All day long he is at his headquarters, dispatching his hoodlums hither and thither where the fight is hottest, where an unfavorable ballot-box is to be hoisted, or where a judge or a clerk of election is to be inspired with the fear of King Capone.

Thus, from the evolution of bullets to ballots we now have the devolution of ballots to bullets. And "Scarface" and his satellites are persons of exceeding importance to the politicians and their parties. When those politicians have control of the pardons, the police, and the prosecution, the alliance becomes mutually magnificent. Both sides are no longer afraid of the law; they adjust the law to suit their needs. Only one thing keeps Al from being supreme: he has to split the millions in profits with his compatriots, the politicians.

Act II: The Machine "Goes for a Ride"

Meanwhile another election is approaching. Big Bill, still riding on the crest with his cheap circus, his America-First, Draft-Coolidge, Out-With-King-George nonsense, needs the cooperation of county and State in order that the gang may maintain its hold on pardons, police, and prosecution and that Bill may reach out for the Presidency. He joins Bob Crowe, the shifty, wiry State's attorney, and Len Small, the Governor who says he did not steal two-thirds of a million dollars from the State but put it back anyway.

With the help of Samuel Insull—who, by a freak of fate, finds that his attorney, Samuel Ettelson, is also the attorney for the city—the three set out to keep Crowe and Small in office, send Frank Smith back to the Senate, turn city and State over to Insull's public-utility corporations, and continue the high purpose of combining privileged corporate wealth and privileged vice and crime in a concerted raping of public rights, public morals, and public security.

Opposed to this combination is one headed by Senator Deneen, including in its ranks Frank Lowden and Ed Litsinger, of whom more later. The strength of this group is scattered, its force demoralized by years of tough sledding and impotent leadership. It may have public opinion on its side, but such opinion is worthless unless it votes. The Crowe-Thompson outfit has the organization and the jobs; and that is what counts in direct primaries.

Big Bill wraps the old flag about his barrel-like form and proclaims that it (the flag) shall never touch the dust. All the old hokum is polished up and hurled into the fray. Everything is going beautifully, and Bill is clamoring for all the pie in sight, and about to get it, when there is a slight slip. The bombs begin bursting in air with a trifle too much regularity, even for Chicago.

The homes of Senator Deneen and Judge Swanson, Crowe's opponent for State's attorney, are pineappled. Swanson escapes by seconds. Crowe rushes into print with the announcement that the Deneen-Swanson forces planted the bombs to arouse public sympathy. The callous, cynical note of such a pronouncement is not lost on the public. Before this the public has been indignant, exasperated. Now its smoldering wrath bursts forth in fire.

As if that were not enough, Bill makes another stupid move. He refers slightingly to the dead mother of Ed Litsinger, a man whom he defeated for the mayoralty nomination a year ago and who now is running for the board of review on the Deneen slate. Ed's sister leaps up from her seat in the loop theater audience and shouts: "Mayor Thompson, you're a liar!" Ed, heretofore regarded as comparatively harmless, takes up the gage of battle. He doffs his coat and plunges into Big Bill in a barroom fight of invective and vituperation. He meets the Mayor on the Mayor's own ground. He calls him "this man, with the carcass of a rhinoceros and the brain of a baboon."

Big Bill, dumfounded, confounded, frightened for once in his life, caves in. His audiences, which once laughed at his gags, now laugh at his gagging.

Act III: Upsetting the Pineapple-Cart

And that brings us to the climax.

When election-day rolls around, the gangsters are still laughing at the public. They have the machine and they know it. They send their gunmen out into the tougher regions, get ready for the usual terrorism, and dispatch bombing threats by the score. But the hoodlums discover, too late, that the public will take a joke just so long.

In this instance the press has thoroughly exposed the alliance of the utility corporations, the criminal elements, and the Crowe-Thompson outfit. The Hearst papers, even while emitting their customary clarion calls for the rights of the people, have gone to bat for the gangsters and the despoilers, but other papers, led by the *Tribune* and the *News*, have told the truth. The public is fully advised and determined. It refused to be terrorized. It squares off to do battle with the men who have made money their god.

Thousands of citizens, recruited from the ranks of the civic organizations, act as voluntary watchers at the polls. The corruptionists try everything, but the majority rolled up against them is too overwhelming to be counted out or stolen. Big Bill's machine goes slithering into the ditch.

Big Bill's day-dream of grandeur is over. If he has not yet awakened, if he does not yet realize the extent of his broken-down pomposity, he will. New York had its Hylan, Boston had its "Honey-Boy Fitz," Chicago has its Big Bill. He still has three years to go as Mayor, but after that—unless the public goes to sleep again—he will fade from the scene and be among our souvenirs. Lowden, not Thompson, emerges from the battle as the factor to be reckoned with in Illinois's choice for the Presidency. Back of him looms the heretofore futile Deneen, dark-horse candidate for the Republican nomination for either the head of the ticket or second place.

The result is gratifying to all men who have kept their faith in the American democracy in the face of recent history. It furnishes ample evidence of the soundness of mind and heart of the men and women of Chicago. It is an encouraging sign of the power of democracy—even in a vast and heterogeneous community—to purge itself of its sins.

Some have hailed the revolt as a clear-cut victory for civic righteousness. Reluctantly, I disagree. I should qualify this by saying the voters arose en masse because they were disgusted with the kind of rule they had been getting and there was nowhere for them to go but to the opposition. A new gang will doubtless spring up. But whatever organization comes out of the shambles of the old one, it can hardly be as bad as its predecessor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidential Possibilities
IX
Frank O. Lowden

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The ninth in a series of studies of the candidates

FRANK O. LOWDEN should be as easily pinned to a page and classified as one pins, mounts, and catalogs a familiar butterfly. He is rich, both by marriage and by his own efforts; he is allied to some of the greatest capitalistic enterprises in the country; he is a gentleman farmer on a huge scale; he is essentially a distinguished figure among the wealthy and privileged who control the destinies of the United States. Yet he cannot be dismissed as the rich man in politics taking the conservative or reactionary point of view on all issues, or be described as merely another man of the group to which Senator DuPont belongs, those powerful plutocratic defenders of the existing social and economic status. That is because once in a while Mr. Lowden amazes his supporters and critics alike by cutting loose and doing the unexpected. He shocked his rich friends and business associates by favoring the income tax when it was anathema to do so. Worse, he demanded enforced publicity for big business—he is himself a leading figure in the National Biscuit Company and the American Radiator Company. As Governor of Illinois, though a representative of the unsavory Lorimer faction in the Republican Party of that State, he made a record which delighted, if it surprised, the liberals and the Progressives and won their support.

Mr. Lowden has again invited the wrath of his business associates by espousing the McNary-Haugen bill so bitterly denounced by the bankers, most economists, and Mr. Coolidge himself. It has been easy to say that he did this in order to win the farmer vote, but that is not fair. No man knows the farming situation better than he. He is himself a farmer's son, and he worked on the family farm until he was nearly of age. Today he is the owner of a 5,000-acre farm scientifically managed at Oregon, Illinois, and he owns and operates extensive cotton plantations in Arkansas and Texas. Few individuals have a greater personal stake in a wise solution of the agricultural problem. It is, therefore, hard to believe that he would deliberately favor what he considered an impractical or unnecessary or dangerous proposal in the hope of winning the Presidential nomination through the friendship of an economic group which has never yet dictated the nomination of a Republican candidate. If he were subordinating everything to political ambition he would be courting not the farmers, but their "enemies," the bankers and manufacturers.

Is this independence of action the real reason for the failure of the Republicans to pick Mr. Lowden for the Presidency? He would seem to have exactly the record that Republican politicians like their candidates to possess, and every quality to stamp him as a darling of the Republican gods. He has character and ability, besides wealth. Like many another aspirant for the White House he largely educated himself, taught school to earn the money to go to college (the University of Iowa), was graduated at the head of his class, and then graduated with similar rank from a minor law college. At the bar his career was rapidly successful, and during it, for six years, he taught federal jurisprudence in the law school of Northwestern University. He very soon became counsel for great corporations.

But this did not satisfy his thirst for constructive enterprise. He sought other worlds to conquer; hence his return to farming, his affiliations with the management of some large companies, and his plunge into politics. Here he flew high at once, for, without a previous candidacy or any other office-holding, he tried, in 1904, for the governorship, only to be beaten by Charles S. Deneen. His career in politics temporarily seemed nipped in the bud. But two years later he decided to try for a lesser office and spent two terms in the House of Representatives—a Congressman colorless enough to make him available for any other office without fear of his having alienated anybody because of courage or independence. Next he turned, in 1916, to the governorship once more; this time he was victorious. Despite his occasional straying from the fold, he still has many warm friends in the sacred precincts of Wall Street and State Street. He is personally clean and incorruptible. He has a fine presence, is earnest, impressive, and dignified in public. Clarence Darrow, who greatly admires him, but belongs to an entirely different political school, has just written of him in *Scribner's:*

> As a campaigner Mr. Lowden has few equals. He is a scholar and has spent much of his life in court. Likewise, he has had a long experience on the stump. He is an easy and fluent speaker, has a fine personality, and is a good mixer. He has every quality needful for getting votes. In political considerations his strength as a candidate should not be overlooked.

Finally, he comes from a large and important State. Why is he not, in view of all this, precisely the man for the Republicans to pick for the Presidency, especially when there is a serious farmer revolt under way; when he has the devotion of six or eight Middle-Western farming States?

In reply, the politicians give several reasons. Mr. Lowden is too old—he is in his sixty-eighth year—and he got into trouble in the prenomination campaign of 1920. Also he will not have the delegation of his State solidly behind him. These are excellent excuses, but one wonders if they tell the whole story. It is quite possible that he is not pliable enough; the politicians may also recall that he declined to become Secretary of the Navy in 1921, and that he refused the Vice-Presidency when Mr. Coolidge offered it to him in 1924. He then promptly answered the Presi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent in these words: "I can be of more service to the country through the activities in which I am now engaged than I could be as Vice-President"—doubtless meaning thereby his farming and his farm leadership. It is true that there has been no case where a man in his sixty-ninth year has been sworn in as President. But Mr. Lowden takes excellent care of himself now—there were traces of dissipation when he was in Congress twenty years ago—and he is in fine physical condition. The accepted age limit for candidates ought to be raised now that Dr. Osler is no longer here to warn, and the tenure of life has been so markedly increased for everybody. In England they have never felt that a man of sixty-eight was too old to become Prime Minister; Gladstone was eighty-three when last he took office. But at this writing there appears astonishingly little prospect that Mr. Lowden will be nominated. The oil scandals have undoubtedly had their effect in making the Republican bosses extremely wary of giving the Democrats any opportunity to talk about bribery and corruption in 1920.

As for that bribery, let the case be stated here. Governor Lowden made the grave mistake of intrusting his campaign to Louis Lincoln Emmerson (now himself a candidate for Governor of Illinois). Mr. Emmerson was not only open to criticism in the use of the $413,000 he raised, but he was a failure as a strategist. It finally came out that Governor Lowden's Missouri managers had paid $2,500 apiece to two Missouri delegates to the National Convention for which money no services were asked or given. In all $32,303 was spent in that State to influence delegates. When this came out the Lowden campaign collapsed. Of course, $413,000 seems today a trifling sum compared to the million and a quarter raised for Leonard Wood in 1920, and the great sums spent in the Senatorial campaigns of Messrs. Frank L. Smith of Illinois, and Vare and Pepper of Pennsylvania. As soon as Mr. Lowden heard of the bribery he issued an excellent statement in which he declared that his "injunctions to Mr. Emmerson were to use no money except for legitimate purposes of the campaign and to make no expenditure that could not be made public." It was a doubly unfortunate happening for the Republican Party, for it opened the way to the nomination of Warren G. Harding by the oil corruptionists and the party bosses with the resulting disgraceful betrayal of the country.

Here it is a pleasure to record that Chicago liberals are one in their belief that Mr. Lowden told the truth and that he had no idea what use was being made of his money. To quote Clarence Darrow again, "the country is now fully convinced, as was Illinois at the time, that whether Lowden would make a good President or not, his life and public record had placed him far above the suspicion of corruption." He believes that if Mr. Lowden is nominated in 1928 "no political enemy will dare to raise the issue that probably caused his defeat in 1920."

What could the country look for if Mr. Lowden should be selected? Let us turn back to his record as Governor for an indication. His political affiliations prior to his election were with William Lorimer and his shady cohorts, the same Lorimer who was and is the friend of Charles G. Dawes, in turn one of Frank Lowden's dearest friends and intimates. But when Mr. Lowden took office in 1917 there was no feeling against him on the score of his association with Lorimer and his political machine. It soon appeared that the Governor was his own master; that he had no intention of building up a political machine; that he had grown greatly in stature and power and purpose since those disappointing years in Congress. It also became clear that, whether the politicians liked it or not, he proposed to reorganize the government, cut off a lot of useless offices and sinecures, and reduce taxation. He actually achieved a remarkable reorganization of the entire State government; in place of no fewer than 128 boards and commissions, many of them overlapping in their functions, there were created nine major business departments for the State. Taxes came down $7,000,000 a year, and there was introduced a budget system—one of the earliest in the country—which put the State's finances on a business-like basis, and could make waste impossible if it were properly used. His appointments to office were political, but they were beyond criticism as to the character of the appointees and their efficiency. He stuck to his job and his desk with fidelity, and ended his service without a scandal of any kind. When it was over the Progressives agreed that he had made a deep and lasting impression upon his State.

There was, however, one grave blot upon Governor Lowden's regime. Taking office in 1917 he was hardly in the saddle before the United States entered the World War, and he became an easy victim of the war hysteria. At once he appointed a State Council of Defense and in considerable measure turned over the Government to big-business men like Samuel Insull, who became chairman of the Council, and politicians of the type of Roger Sullivan. Other and far better appointments to the Council he made—like those of Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen and Victor Olander; but the Insull group dominated. It is hard to see why these councils of defense were ever needed. In the main they all behaved alike, illegally receiving or usurping some or all the powers of the Executive. They usually instituted a reign of terrorism, a dragooning of all who did not approve of the war, together with wholesale suppressions of personal liberty and of the historic American right to dissent. They compelled men to contribute to war funds under threat of ruin; they made arrests right and left. Particularly obnoxious was Governor Lowden's attitude toward the People's Council, a group of pacifists which sought to meet in Chicago. Indeed, it was out of this intolerance on the part of Governor Lowden that there arose the trouble between him and Mayor William Hale Thompson, which has crystallized into a bitter and lasting feud.

It is, of course, open to question whether Mayor Thompson ever takes a position without an eye to the main chance. In that case, whether for political or other reasons, he was right, and was upholding historic American traditions. His political power of today is in considerable measure due to the gratitude of foreign-born groups who remember that in the war days he stood between them and intolerance and outrage when everybody else seemed hostile; that he respected minority opinion and was willing that it should make itself heard. If Mr. Lowden appears before the 1928 Republican convention with only part of his own State's delegation supporting him he will owe it to Mayor Thompson and to the errors he, Mr. Lowden, committed under the influence of the war hysteria. When the story of the ill-treatment of the foreign-born minorities during the war is written—even those which were not descendants of Germans or Austrians—one of the darkest chapters will deal with Illinois under Lowden.

Mr. Lowden can keep his own counsel and he has done

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so to a considerable degree as to his attitude on foreign affairs. He, too, seems to feel that silence on some vital issues is the surest way to success. He is on record, however, as opposing vigorously America's entry into the League of Nations. What is more important is the statement that he is an old-fashioned anti-imperialist, for it would be of enormous importance if one of the Republican candidates should come out flatly against our wicked and bloody policies in the Caribbean. Beyond this nothing is known of his views on foreign affairs, whether he is today a big-navy man, whether he favors insisting upon the payment of the foreign debts owed to the United States, or whether he would aid in their further reduction. On these and several other questions, notably the tariff, a man with so excellent a record as Mr. Lowden's ought to make himself unequivocally clear. As a farmer he must be opposed to tariff discrimination. Would he favor a general revision downward? So far he has been a high-tariff man. The public is entitled to further information as to his attitude on pressing social and economic questions. It is not in his favor that he has long been prominent in the Pullman Company and yet has done nothing to make it cease exploiting its colored porters whose wages are in large part paid by the tips of the public. If Mr. Lowden has never been as outspoken against union labor as his friend, General Dawes, he does not stand out preeminently among its supporters.

There are other marked differences between Dawes and Lowden. In the latter the aggressive bitterness, the vindictiveness toward his political opponents, is fortunately absent, as well as that iron determination to impose his will on others. The Fascist qualities of Dawes, Mr. Lowden seems to be without. One can think of situations in which Dawes, the adorer of Napoleon, might well become dictatorial. Mr. Lowden would always be a somewhat old-fashioned American public man, conservative but not reactionary, faithful and reliable. Were he to be chosen President, he would not set the country on fire; he would probably not initiate new policies despite his constructive trend, but he would be an excellent administrator. He would make no impassioned plea for any far-reaching reform. Business would go on as usual and the hold of the great corporations upon the Government would be little relaxed. Mr. Darrow, who speaks with the background of many years of personal friendship, prophecies that if Frank Lowden wins "the newspapers will not criticize him. The public will not abuse him; he will not create a stir." And he gives the comforting assurance that "he will not seek foreign conquest. He will not embroil his country in war. He will try his best to help the United States to live at peace at home and abroad"—an encouraging prospect when one thinks of our escapades in Haiti and Nicaragua, to say nothing of China. Best of all Mr. Lowden has a heart, that organ which is lacking in so many politicians. In other words, Mr. Lowden would give us an old-type, honest, careful, and dignified administration in keeping with the best traditions of the White House. There would be no Jess Smiths or Albert Falls or Harry Daughertys about him; on the contrary we should see the rugged honesty and determination of Grover Cleveland. Free from any temptation to try for a second term because of his age, Mr. Lowden would surely strive to make a record for himself in the Presidency. If the country must have a conservative Republican in the White House during the four years to come, Frank Lowden appears the best of the preconvention candidates of this type.

Socialized Medicine

By MORRIS FISHBEIN

THE modern science of medicine began with the discovery of bacteria by Pasteur about fifty years ago. Long before that time, however, Hippocrates had taught the art of observation and had called attention to the importance of the individual relationship of the physician to his patient. The most ancient of physicians recognized the fact that some persons could inspire the patient with a desire to recover and could apparently aid that peculiar power lying within the body known as the *vis medicatrix naturae*, the power within living tissue that urges it to repair.

As time has passed, facts and methods have accumulated. The old-time physician who graduated from a two years' course of lectures, the same lectures being repeated during the six months of each, practiced a sort of "hit-or-miss" method of healing. He took the history of the patient, looked at the tongue, thumped the chest, and listened to such murmurs as were easily apparent. On the basis of the general knowledge of the course of disease, he made a diagnosis. The practice of modern medicine is a far more complicated matter. It involves not only all of the things that have been mentioned, but also the use of much intricate apparatus, laboratory service, the X-ray; indeed, a study of all the secretions and excretions of the human body. As a result, the cost of medical care has increased greatly and is giving concern to sociologists and economists. For some time the statement has been made that only two groups of persons can afford to be ill, the wealthy and the very poor. The former are able to pay for what they get and the latter get a rather good type of service without charge.

The group that gives the greatest concern to students of the situation is the middle class. This group has been the victim of exploitation since the earliest times. It exists in one-room kitchenettes in the cities and must perforce go to the hospital in times of sickness. In the country and in the villages it is far removed from the available hospitals and pays mileage charges in addition to medical fees for medical attention. Because of its transient character it has fallen out of touch with the old-time family physician. This group, therefore, usually provides the primary source of revenue for medical quacks of every sort. The member of the middle class is likely to attempt to save the cost of a visit to a physician by purchasing a patent medicine widely advertised in the press or by asking the corner druggist to prescribe. Middle-class workers are likely to join fraternal orders which maintain incompetent lodge doctors. Sometimes they work in large industrial plants or factories, where a certain sum is taken from their wages each week to pay

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for treatment in the factory hospital or for a visit from the factory doctor in time of sickness. As a result numerous leaders in the public-health field have urged the establishment of compulsory health insurance or other health schemes to provide funds for the care of the middle class.

Some economists have insisted on a State system of medicine which will provide health care in much the same manner as the State cares for education. Gerald Morgan, for instance, has insisted that there must be a radical change which will emancipate health in some way from the fetters of the existing acquisitive economic system and provide free periodic physical examination regardless of known ailments and some financial provision for the families of those needing help in time of illness.

Professor C. E. A. Winslow, when president of the American Public Health Association, said that the purely individualistic practice of medicine, as it has existed in the past, must be increasingly supplemented by a form or forms of organized medicine which will offer to the individual modern scientific medical care including laboratory and specializied consultation service on an economic basis which will facilitate its application to the prevention of incipient disease—probably on some basis which involves payment of the physician through a common fund for the supervision of the health of an individual rather than for the treatment of a specific ailment.

The health-insurance scheme developed through the sickness societies of Germany has been the subject of debate ever since its establishment. The panel system in Great Britain continues to be the subject of discussion by both the medical profession and the public. That system grew out of what is known as contract practice, a system whereby families paid a regular fee each week or month to the physician for all of their care. The same system has been employed by trade unions and by lodges. Unfortunately contract practice resulted in scamped work, because the physician was invariably underpaid. Persons well able to pay took advantage of the opportunity to get service at minimum rates. In times of extraordinary illness the patient had to pay extra for special service or resort to charity. The medical profession was demoralized through political maneuvering for the most remunerative contracts. In 1911, under Mr. Lloyd George, the National Insurance Act, which gave rise to the panel system, was passed. Since that time it has been modified repeatedly. Any doctor can get on the list of those working under the act and there are in England, Scotland, and Wales some 35,000 so registered. Of these fewer than 15,000 are actually doing national insurance work. About 1,000 physicians, constituting an active minority, refuse to have anything to do with the whole scheme. The number of persons insured under the act is approximately 15,000,000, so that the average number of insured persons in the care of one doctor is about 1,000.

When accepting appointment under the insurance scheme the doctor agrees to give such service "as can properly be undertaken by general practitioners of ordinary competence and skill." Thus those registered are not provided with the best that medical science can provide. The persons treated are those who do not earn above a certain minimum sum per week. The patient presumably has a free choice of physician, although this is governed by accessibility and the willingness of the doctor to take more patients on his panel. Some doctors have 400 on their panels, others 3,000. There are material benefits for prospective mothers, and there are minimum fees for doctors: the latter have never been considered adequate; in many cases the physician must supply the drugs prescribed as a part of the fee.

The American medical profession has looked with increasing concern at attempts to establish similar State systems in this country. For instance, the Committee on Public Policy of Ohio State Medical Association, at its last annual meeting, presented a resolution which was adopted by that State organization, objecting to every possible encroachment of the State on private medical practice. They objected to the extension of free clinics, to the growth of health-insurance ideas, to the widespread propaganda for nationalization of property and socialization of personal service, to the increase in health charity for those able to pay, to personal health service without charge in educational institutions, and to every other tendency of governmental agencies and departments, to interfere with the relationship between patients and their individual physicians.

The mechanization of medicine is an evil recognized by every physician as a menace to sound medical practice. Come what may, the intimate personal relationship of physician and patient is essential to complete relief of the patient's ills. Even the periodical physical examination is unsatisfactory when applied on an impersonal basis. True, it may detect the scientific evidence of incipient physical disease, but it does not get at the personality of the patient in the manner that formerly resulted from the relationship between the general practitioner and his patient. Even the best social-service technique may fail to find the human being that the old-time physician used to know in each of his patients. A single point in the life history of the ailing individual may explain the major part of his symptoms and his distress. Not infrequently that point is carefully concealed from everyone except the personal physician in whom the patient has the same confidence that members of some churches have in their priests.

The evils of socialized practice, indeed of any impersonal method of medical practice, are generally recognized. They involve inadequate compensation for physicians: the average salaries of doctors in State or commercial organizations rendering such service are between $3,000 to $4,000 a year, notwithstanding the fact that an adequate medical education may cost the doctor approximately $20,000 to $25,000. The standards of medical practice are lowered because the tendency of the contract doctor is to see as many patients as possible. Patients are moved along without adequate attention. In some parts of the country doctors engaged in contract practice attempt to see eighty or ninety patients each day. The physician falls into the deadly routine of contract work, initiative is lost, and advancement is dependent on the individual's ability to pull wires.

Only too often industrial medicine has become an instrument for fighting compensation claims. The salaried medical services of department stores and of factories are so impersonal that many employees prefer, even though assessed for the provision of medical care, to seek out a personal physician in time of stress. Why should not a democracy attempt to insure the worker a salary or wage adequate to provide for medical treatment and ask the medical profession to organize itself for the provision of such treatment, rather than pauperize the middle class by degrading the medical profession?

More and more the advances in modern medicine re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veal the essential differences between individuals that make routine methods of diagnosis and treatment impossible. More and more physicians are beginning to recognize the influence of the mind in disease and in the treatment of disease, a factor invariably lost in mechanized practice. State medicine might provide a standardized diagnosis and treatment for a standardized citizen; but it means the death of individualism, of humanitarianism, and of scientific practice. Until we become a nation of robots with interlocking, replaceable, and standardized parts, there will be little need for completely standardized doctors.

[*In next week's issue Dr. I. M. Rubinow, executive director of the Jewish Welfare Society of Philadelphia, will contribute an answer to Dr. Fishbein.*]

Saving the Miners' Union

By MELVIN P. LEVY

ON the first day of April, in a battered Pittsburgh hall situated next door to an ancient synagogue and approached through squalid blocks of a typical American colored section, more than 1,100 men gathered; they were the delegates to the Save the Union Conference of the United Mine Workers of America, and they had come together to consider those internal problems, political and economic, which account for the gradual disintegration of their union since 1921, the ineffectiveness of the strike which they are at present carrying on in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, and the breakdown of wage-scales and decent working conditions which is rapidly making the skilled and dangerous occupation of coal-mining also one of the poorest paid and most miserable.

When the conference was called it was as the radical wing of a still great, though failing, trade union. By the time the business of the meeting had unwound and the rank-and-file backing of the convention become clear, it was plain that these delegates were the spokesmen of a majority of the coal miners, organized and unorganized, in North America—a majority forced into progressivism by necessity rather than theory; recognizing, as a colored delegate later said, that "there are only two classes in America, the workers and the bosses, no niggers, no wops, and no kikes," and recognizing too that advantages gained by one group of workers at the expense of another are of necessity transitory and uncertain.

"You have been willing to push us down," the same colored miner said, "and you have done it, too. But you have held yourselves down at the same time. It is like two little boys fighting and one pushes the other into the mud. But he can't do it without getting down himself and he can't keep the other boy down without lying in mud. His arms are against the other boy and the other boy's arms are around his neck, too."

This speech, wildly greeted, was to become the sense of the conference. Every attempt was made to wipe out the disaffection between white and colored workers, organized and unorganized, young and old. This was done both in the procedure of the conference itself and in its plans for future activities—activities which will include, if the program of the conference is carried out, the capture of the United Mine Workers union from its present incompetent and greedy leadership under President John L. Lewis, a return to national rather than local agreements between the union and the operators, the eventual nationalization of the coal mines, and the formation of a labor party based on nearly 400,000 coal miners in the United States and their families.

It is natural enough that this statement of proletarian principle should have come from the coal miners. The nature of the industry has been such as to form an hereditary coal-mining class, and to discourage the "get-ahead" and "rise from class to class" principles which have been typical of other American laboring groups. There has always been a good deal of child labor—or at least young labor—in the industry. Boys, as they grow up in the camp, become useful as assistants to their digger fathers or find work above ground. And the isolation of the collieries, as well as the fact that merchandising in the coal-fields has habitually been carried on through company stores, has worked against a desertion of the mining industry by young men and women for "business" in the form of small shop-keeping, salesmanship, or clerking. Moreover, the vast plant and huge wealth represented by a colliery have made it impractical for the superior young miner to "go into business for himself" in the field in which he has received training. His obvious course has been to stay and work for an improvement in the industry in which his life is bound up.

This condition has reflected itself in the history of union activities among coal miners. Since the formation of their union, thirty years ago, they have followed a policy of national strikes and national settlements. John L. Lewis broke this precedent at the end of the 1922 strike. That strike was of national scope. Not only the then 300,000 members of the U. M. W. A. were affected; they were joined by 100,000 unorganized miners from Illinois and the coke-fields of Pennsylvania. At the end of the strike the Lewis leadership unceremoniously sacrificed the unorganized workers in order to obtain advantages for the anthracite miners; the former were excluded from any strike settlement and were sent back to work under conditions far less advantageous than those they had deserted in a body to answer the strike call. Since that time these men have stood in the way of any national strike movement. Yet they sent one of the largest delegations to the Save the Union Conference, expressed a willingness to strike under any leadership other than that of Lewis, and have actually answered a general-strike call issued to the Pennsylvania coke-fields by the conference, to the number of more than ten thousand.

From the time of the 1922 strike the story of the United Mine Workers has been one of steady disintegration. The Colorado strike of 1925 was fought under the auspices of the I. W. W., the Lewis machine having refused to make any militant effort in that State. At that time President Lewis, enraged at the "outlaw" strike, actually shipped union miners into the strike area to act as strike-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breakers under protection of the operators and the coal-and-iron police.

At the present time, under the district-agreement policy inaugurated by Lewis, single companies have mines in which strikes have been settled and other mines which are still on strike; so that union miners are in effect working to furnish their employers with the means to wage the bitterest warfare against their own union.

It was to oust the present leadership, as a prelude to more extended union activity, that the Save the Union Committee, under the leadership of such men as John Brophy, "Tony" Minerich, John W. Watt, Pat Toohey, and Powers Hapgood, was formed and the Pittsburgh convention called. The questions of wage cuts, unemployment, discrimination against Negroes and young workers, and the organization of the unorganized were considered. Resolutions in favor of nationalization of the mines and the formation of a labor party were adopted. A permanent national committee was formed to evolve tactics. But above all a spontaneous note ran through the conference: "Lewis Must Go."

This last will not be easy—and the insurgents know it. A union can become a valuable piece of property, too good to be let loose without a struggle. In the last six months John L. Lewis himself has drawn $11,093 salary and expenses. This while more than 100,000 strikers were living in hovels or flimsy barracks and receiving from their union strike relief the sum of one dollar weekly for adults and twenty-five cents for children—when they got it. It was asserted at the Pittsburgh conference that the Lewis official family had drawn more in salaries during the past year than the total amount spent by the A. F. of L. for mine relief.

Moreover, the machine threatened with suspension of relief and even eviction from the union barracks any locals which should send delegates to the Pittsburgh conference. During the very progress of the conference news came that relief had been stopped in many camps and eviction notices served. Since that time a pledge has been circulated through the strike camps by the Lewis organization. The strikers are asked to repudiate the Save the Union Conference on pain of a veritable excommunication from their union and any benefits they may receive from it.

In Avella, Pennsylvania, and other camps, attempts on the part of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Relief Committee—the relief organization of the insurgents—to distribute necessities have been met with physical opposition on the part of the Lewis group. Yet rank-and-file conferences are now being held in the counties of Greene, Fayette, and Westmoreland, and locals throughout the mine country have taken steps to join in the district union conferences to capture the leadership of the U. M. W. A.

These district conferences are the core of the Save the Union Committee's program. The hope is that a large enough backing will be gathered to declare all offices in the United Mine Workers vacant, and to proceed to the election of new officials. The present leadership has countered with wholesale suspensions of rebellious miners—and the suspensions have been largely disregarded.

But it is plain that the miners' trouble is not all political. They are fighting an economic condition as well as graft and the enmity of their employers. During the war new coal-fields were developed to meet a demand that ended with peace. Moreover, coal substitutes have stopped the growth of consumption at the greatest pre-war figure. Operators declare that there are 200,000 extra men in the industry and advise them to get out. The men answer that there is no place for them to go. No industry is capable of supporting 200,000 additional families. And the men also believe that a large part of the present unemployment in the coal-fields arises from increased machine efficiency rather than slackened demand. They call for a share in this benefit, a redistribution of the work over a six-hour day and five-day week.

In the Driftway

LANDLADIES have always been a source of delight to the Drifter. There is one in the crooked confines of Greenwich Village, for instance, who was or should have been an actress in the old days of melodrama. Her favorite boarders are actors and her house abounds with them. The Drifter himself has never lived there but a friend of his would not think of living anywhere else. According to him, life in that house is a series of dramatic incidents—with the landlady invariably in the star role. The latest of these occurred only recently. He came downstairs to breakfast as usual. Through the open door of the dining-room he saw his landlady, who will be called Mrs. Smith, sitting at the table. As he entered the room she buried her face in her arms and began to sob violently. He knew his part. "What's the matter, Mrs. Smith? What's the matter?" he cried with feeling. "Look," she sobbed, waving one arm toward the alcove, "look!" He looked into the alcove where the bird-cage hung. The floor was strewn with feathers. Feathers waved from the window curtains. Feathers clung to the cushions in the window seat. "It was a rat," sobbed Mrs. Smith. "My dear little bird." She sobbed heartily for a while; then: "First it was Mr. Smith that died, and now my canary. Oh, oh!"

* * * * *

EVENTUALLY she was able to bring out some breakfast for him. He ate hurriedly and started upstairs. On the first landing he met another boarder. He told him of the catastrophe and then sneaked down behind him to watch this telling. Again Mrs. Smith was sitting at the table waiting for her audience. He came in. Her head went down upon her arms and she sobbed heartbrokenly. "Why, Mrs. Smith, what's the matter?" "Look!" she cried, waving an arm toward the alcove. "A rat did it!" He looked and was sympathetic. Suddenly Mrs. Smith raised her head and said in a sad, calm voice, "Now I understand it all." She sobbed again. "The rat eats the canary, the cat eats the rat, the dog kills the cat—" the sobs grew more violent at each stage, "and that"—down dropped the head once more—"that's evolution!"

* * * * *

IT is doubtful if one should ever give advice, and certainly one should never take it. The Drifter was considering lately a considerable financial transaction—for him any transaction involving a few hundred dollars is considerable. So he thought it would be wise to seek advice, especially from experts and hard-boiled friends. They all discouraged him, and in consequence he got cold feet and is destined to go on drifting instead of rising into the rarefied air where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people pay super-taxes on their incomes. The Drifter still believes that his analysis was right and that he saw possibilities in the situation not revealed to the experts and hard-boiled friends. But what is one to do who has asked for advice—and gets it? Had he followed his nose from the start, he might have reproached himself, in case of failure, for acting hastily and ignorantly. But to go in and fail after advice to stay out would set one down as an obstinate blockhead entitled to no sympathy.

* * * * *

THE Drifter can understand the position of his advisers too. He would feel and act just as they do in their position. All of us become conservatives when our friends appeal to us for advice in their financial transactions. The Drifter has occasionally asked some notorious plunger in the stock market for a tip, only to be recommended to buy some seasoned issue of railway bonds paying 4½ per cent. It is inevitably so. One will take chances with his own money that he will not dream of advising others to assume. All the caution that we never exercise in our own affairs rolls solemnly from our mouths when we are consulted by another. Well, maybe it is all as it should be. Few of us can hang on to our own money, but it salves our pride to think we have kept somebody else out of the poorhouse.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's loving-cup for the best anti-climax this month is awarded to the Honorable Jimmy Walker, Mayor of New York City, who at the unveiling of the Stone Mountain statue predicted that the monument would stand "long after the Pyramids have crumbled *and you and I are forgotten.*" THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Animals All

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several replies to my letter about experiments on pregnant dogs having been printed in *The Nation*, I am hoping a few general considerations on the subject of our relations with animal life on this planet will not come altogether amiss. The years that bring the would-be philosophic mind have made me increasingly endeavor to see what the ultimate stand might be on this subject for a person whose natural reactions are what mine are.

I have always been struck by the devoted way in which we continue to cling to the implications of theological doctrines long since discarded. We do not think (as a theological doctrine, that is) that Adam received from the hand of the Almighty the divine overlordship of the earth, with an outfit of animal slaves. Yet the animals have had almost no practical intimation from us that we have discarded the doctrine. I live in hopes of a general imaginative realization (which our education might consciously turn toward giving the young), that man is part of a very varied universe, which far from being his oyster will respond with inconceivable delights of heart and life to those moods of his spirit in which he becomes willing to serve its ends which transcend his grasp.

Our many forms of exploitation of animal life would one by one become softened under the glow of a prevailing sense of kinship and what I might call *homeship* in the universe. Man's long roughness and mercilessness toward his environment, his passionate appropriation of earth, animal life, and his fellowmen, as tools for the aggrandizement of his own life, would yield as frost yields to the sun and as rocks yield to the air. He would not trap, slaughter, envenom, enslave his fellow-manifestations of a life he more and more calmly and confidently reposed upon and harmonized his hopes and endeavors with; as his consciousness expanded, and he began dimly to conceive the great Dance of Life, the fierce self-assertion of his race would begin to feel the deep desire of a spirit of amenity.

(It is difficult, as the Russian mathematician said, to speak about inclusive thoughts; language itself is composed of warning concepts.)

Manchester, Vermont, April 3 SARAH N. CLEGHORN

The Strength of Fundamentalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been surprised again and again at the estimates made regarding the strength of the fundamentalists. A. C. Dieffenbach, editor of the *Christian Register*, estimates the fundamentalists as "90 per cent of the Protestant congregations," which I regard as too high, even for the Protestants in the South, where fundamentalism flourishes like a green bay tree. And now comes Charles Stelzle of New York, claiming that probably "90 per cent of the population of this country is fundamentalist." Surely he would not claim as fundamentalists any of the 70,252,061 people in the United States who are not members of any church; but they are 60 per cent of the total population. The Catholics with 16,156,914, the Baptists with 8,397,914, and the Lutherans with 2,546,127 members, are pretty solidly fundamentalist; but there is a considerable liberal element among the 8,931,190 Methodists, the 2,561,986 Presbyterians, and the 1,759,390 Disciples of Christ, while a large proportion of the 1,164,911 Episcopalians and the 907,588 Congregationalists, and practically all of the 59,650 Universalists and the 58,024 Unitarians are modernists. Besides, allowance should be made for padded church rolls. Herbert Asbury, in the *Forum*, says that although he abandoned the church fifteen years ago his name is stil carried on the roll of a Methodist congregation in Missouri. My own name is still on the roll of my old Lutheran church in South Carolina, although nearly four years ago I asked that it be removed, a request that the church council unanimously declined to grant. There are doubtless hundreds of thousands of such cases.

It seems safe to say that Mr. Stelzle would be more nearly correct if he would put at 35 per cent, instead of 90 per cent, the fundamentalist population of the United States.

Clearwater, Florida, March 31 JULIUS D. DREHER

To Read in Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anyone who has been in jail for even a day knows how loneliness gnaws at the mind. Some prisoners go mad, others take dope, others become bitter for life after this isolation. Labor prisoners have always been sustained by the fact that they are readers. Many a labor leader who never had time to go to school or college has acquired the foundation of a liberal education in prison. Reading is a comfort in prison, a distraction, a means of sanity, a contact with life. I visited Tom Mooney several years ago in San Quentin, and one of my chief impressions of the talk we had was his wide acquaintance and fervid interest in all the modern books and intellectual currents. He had acquired this interest only in prison.

Good books are scarce in prison. And there are many difficulties in sending them in, for the prison rules state that only through established publishers can books be sent to prisoners. Knowing how hungry labor prisoners are for books, the International Labor Defense has set up a fund for this purpose. It has secured check lists from the labor prisoners of America as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the books they wanted. Tom Mooney sent a long list which includes modern poetry, fiction, and political research. Leo Ellis, an I. W. W. in San Quentin, asked for "Elmer Gantry" and "The Rise of American Civilization," which is a favorite among the prisoners. About forty prisoners, including members of the I. W. W., Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, and A. F. of L. men, are at present in jail for organization activities, and all of them want books. I have taken it on myself to appeal to readers of *The Nation* to send generous donations toward this book fund to the International Labor Defense, 799 Broadway, New York City.

New York, April 2 MICHAEL GOLD

Summer in Mexico?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I draw the attention of your readers to the Seminar on Relations with Mexico, the third session of which will be held in Mexico City, July 5 to 26, 1928? Its purpose is to enable a group of American citizens to meet the leaders in the life of Mexico, and to learn something of the purposes, ideals, and accomplishments of the Mexican people. The first two groups met President Calles, the members of his Cabinet, educational and business leaders, artists, musicians, etc. They had a first-hand opportunity for learning the Mexican point of view on oil, agrarian reforms, the church education, international relations. They also met critics of the present Mexican regime, including outstanding church officials and journalists. The program will leave ample time for sightseeing, rest, recreation.

I shall be glad to hear at 14 Beacon Street, Boston, from readers of *The Nation* interested in joining the seminar.

Boston, Mass., April 10 HUBERT C. HERRING

Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chinese students, as they lay the foundation for a new China, have been making history. But at a high cost. Within the past three years the young men and women who have given up their lives number several hundred at least.

A friend in Peking writes of the numerous executions in his city. "Last Sunday the low beat of drums and blare of trumpets notified us of the passing of a military procession. . . . Two young men were riding with hands bound behind their backs in a rough open cart . . . on all sides were mounted guards. One of the men was J. S. Kao, formerly a student at Columbia. . . . Both men were paying the penalty of death for supposed political activities. Last Thursday a similar procession passed. The young man was exhorting to the last both bystanders and guards to arise and throw off the yoke imposed upon them."

These young Chinese who die are often called "bolsheviks," both by the reactionary Chinese warlord and by the die-hard foreigner of the treaty ports. As a matter of fact they are frequently the finest product of Chinese society and they die because of their idealism and courage. The *China Bulletin* (Peking) tells in its last issue about J. S. Kao who studied first at the famous Nankai University in Tientsin, and in 1919 came to this country, studying at Cornell and Columbia. He worked part of his way by waiting on table. In 1922 he visited England where he made a careful study of the educational system of twenty-six cities. Then while doing similar investigation in Germany he was called to join the faculty of Peking National University. Back in China he devoted himself whole-heartedly to building up the nation's educational system. In his spare time, without pay, he founded and became principal of a model school which functioned on the Dalton educational principles. He developed the Cho Hua Educational Society's library, one of the best in China. In the autumn of 1926 he became head of the Department of Education in Peking National University. He married but he reported for work the day after the ceremony. When his two children were born "he used to say that they only extended the range of his educational activities." A few months ago Kao gathered together a group of prominent educators to plan a model kindergarten. Before completing this scheme he was arrested on some vague charge of being a Nationalist propagandist, and after three months in a military prison was paraded and executed. "One cannot but feel," the Peking paper states, "that it is everlastingly to his credit that instead of resorting to compromise or bribery, as so many in his position have, he remained true to his convictions, even though he paid for them with his life."

Are not some of the younger Chinese displaying a spirit which an increasing number of Americans must copy if our nation's moral and spiritual deterioration is to be checked?

New York, April 11 HARRY KINGMAN

Contributors to This Issue

FREDERIC BABCOCK is on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune.*

MORRIS FISHBEIN is editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and author of "New Medical Follies."

MELVIN P. LEVY is the author of two novels, "Matrix" and "Wedding."

GLADYS OAKS is a New York poet.

LEE HOLLANDER is associate professor of Germanic languages at the University of Texas.

ROBERT W. BAGNALL is a director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

ERNEST GRUENING, editor of the Portland *Evening News*, is about to publish "Mexico and Its Heritage."

T. M. PARROTT is professor of English at Princeton University.

HARRY R. TOSDAL is on the faculty of the School of Business at Harvard University.

MAURITZ HALLGREN is on the Washington staff of the International News Service.

NEXT WEEK
The War Problem
by
J. Ramsay MacDonald
and
The Nation's Student-Worker
Prize Essay

THE NATION'S HOUR WMCA—NEW YORK—(370 m.)
Tuesday evening, April 24
8 o'clock
Oswald Garrison Villard
on
Prohibition in the Campaign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Plays

Icelandic Peasant Poems[1]

By PÁLL ÓLAFSSON

Translated by Gladys Oaks

1

In the long, dark winter night
I arise and light my candle;
Not to do any work,
Not to see what is outside,
Not to write a poem—
But only to look at my wife.

2

To hear hell talked of
Makes Páll shudder;
I am frightened for my little soul.

3

(*The Poet Sees Hay in His Wife's Shoes*)

I wish I were a blade of hay
Drying in your shoe. . . .
I know you would tread so lightly on my faults.

4

The River Ranga
Was terrible to me
As the mouth of death
Narrowed with hunger.

So I drove my horse into the river.

But the stream pushed the ice-floes at me
And the little bridge creaked breaking over my head
(The reality was tameless as my fear)
And I had to rein him back to shore.
What is sadder than such defeat?

[1] Páll Olafsson was born and lived most of his life in an Icelandic turf cottage, with grass and daisies blowing on the roof. He farmed potatoes, turnips, and rhubarb, slaughtered his sheep, played chess, wrote poems, and made love to his wife. He died in 1905. His work is very popular in Iceland, but these are believed to be his first poems to be translated into English.

First Glance

READERS of American newspapers during this generation are no doubt well acquainted with the names of Gyp the Blood, Kid Dropper, Monk Eastman, and Lefty Louie. But how many have heard of Hellcat Maggie, Gallus Mag, Slobbery Jim, Patsy the Barber, Cow-legged Sam, Boiled Oysters Malloy, Mush Riley, Marm Mandelbaum, Hoggy Walsh, Googy Corcoran, Baboon Connolly, Red Rocks Farrell, Goo Goo Knox, One Lung Curran, Sadie the Goat, Battle Annie, and Yakey Yake Brady? These were Gotham's heroes and heroines in the old Victorian days when Five Points, Chinatown, and Hell's Kitchen were true fields of valor; when the old Brewery and Gotham Court still contained within tenement walls their hundreds of dopesters, thugs, prostitutes, professional murderers, and comparatively innocent children who for weeks never saw the light of a street; and when the more courageous citizens banded themselves under such corporate names as the Roach Guards, Plug Uglies, Shirt Tails, Dead Rabbits, True Blue Americans, Daybreak Boys, Swamp Angels, Slaughter Housers, Gas Housers, Potashes, Gophers, Hudson Dusters, Pearl Buttons, Fashion Plates, Lollie Meyers, and Red Onions.

Of such things does Herbert Asbury tell in "The Gangs of New York" (Knopf: $4), a gory volume wherein the fights grow at times as monotonous as those in Homer and the epithets "ferocious," "vicious," and "huge" recur with an almost comical regularity—but a volume nevertheless which will be a revelation to anyone except a police inspector. It will be a revelation of history hardly now destined, I imagine, ever to repeat itself; it will be a revelation of the depths which human nature can achieve; and it will remind us too how high we can go in the realms of nomenclature. A marvelous panorama is here unrolled by a journalist who, to be sure, is none too critical in his selection of evidence and who is out above all things for the telling detail, but who possesses just the right kind of skill in these matters and knows how to tell his reporter's story. The draft riots, the tong wars, and the whole history of Monk Eastman are given separate treatment in loaded chapters; but in truth there is no item among these many thousands which does not fit perfectly into Mr. Asbury's rough scheme. One regrets that the scheme is too rough to allow Mr. Asbury room for examining the theory, which he seems to accept without question on the authority of the New York *Times*, that the draft riots were only in small part a protest against the Civil War.

Some readers will take comfort from the publisher's note at the end of an elegant volume: "This book has been set in a type derived from the designs of William Caslon (1692-1766), who, it is generally conceded, brought the old-style letter to its highest perfection." What better guarantee that Mr. Asbury rides on the current wave of antiquarianism, and that we therefore need no longer fear for our throats?

MARK VAN DOREN

Analysis and Mush

Imperialism and Civilization. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

"IN no other period of the world's history," Mr. Woolf believes, "has there been such a vast revolution as [the] conquest of Asia and Africa by Europe in less than 100 years." On the other hand, he thinks that since 1900 a movement of reaction has set in which may be equally unprecedented. Roman and Asiatic conquerors, he says, were tolerant compared to the moderns; they sometimes exterminated populations, but they left subject civilizations intact—indeed, were often absorbed by them. The economic conqueror of modern days is more tender of the lives of potential buyers, but he is ruthless in his determination to break down the sales resistance of ancient, undemanding civilizations. Mr. Woolf refuses to regard the clash of civilizations displayed in this imperialist and anti-imperialist struggle as a clash of races, religions, or nationalities. Japan, he points out, behaves precisely like any white imperialist Power. And the "race pride" which objects to Asiatic immigration into white countries is, he believes, essentially a protest against the competition of cheap labor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know no clearer analysis of the nature of nineteenth-century imperialism and its difference from previous movements of conquest than is contained in this little book. It expands and deepens his slimmer "Economic Imperialism" of eight years ago. Though he has never been in America, he adds an acute discussion of the race problem in the United States, in which he finds significant points for comparison with "White Australia," with the effort of a minority of white men to rule South Africa, and with that of an infinitesimal company of white men to rule black Kenya. He totally neglects, however, the problem of Latin America, where imperialism, still essentially a clash of civilizations, has reached new stages of refinement and efficiency. And in his final chapter on The League of Nations and a Synthesis of Civilizations he seems to me to descend into sheer mush. It is true that Article XXII of the Covenant publicly recognizes that the welfare of the "backward" peoples is a sacred trust of the stronger Powers. But so did the Treaty of Berlin forty years before, yet it merely cloaked exploitation almost as bloody as Genghis Khan's famous decimations. "As every one knows, the Allied Powers which signed the treaty immediately broke the pledges," says Mr. Woolf. Of course. To expect anything else, to paint a sweet vista of a League of Nations, led by France and Great Britain, resolutely fighting imperialism, is arrant romanticizing.

Imperialism teaches its victims both the slogans and the technical methods of the West, and when it has taught them enough they rise and throw off the shackles. If the imperialists are intelligent enough, they yield in time; if not, both sides suffer. The mandate system of the League may help a little, by providing a channel of publicity for abuses of colonial exploitation; but if it does so it will be chiefly because there are within the imperial Powers groups of the population who recognize that the imperial expansion is making their home battle more difficult. It is tragic but true that the Powers learned decency to Turkey only after she threw them out; and they behave best to China when China behaves worst to them. Imperialism is checked only when it is made unprofitable.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Another Goethe

Goethe. By J. G. Robertson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

CERTAINLY if a new biography of Goethe was to be written, after the many we already have, the only justification could be a desire to define the attitude of our own time to him. And Mr. Robertson does so with a vengeance. He reads the impatience, dissatisfaction, disillusionment of our own era into Goethe's mind, substituting our reactions for those of more placid times and thus giving the well-known story of his life a meaning which a succeeding generation is bound to reject.

If I am correct, the keynote of Mr. Robertson's book is regret that Goethe did not make more and better use of his marvelous gifts—that the astounding phenomenon of *der junge Goethe* stopped short and that so much of his infinitely valuable life was taken up by administrative, social, scientific avocations. In this, to be sure, he is at one with some of the more recent German biographers, who would attribute the smallness of the poetic output of Goethe's middle life precisely to the Weimar career which three generations of biographers were wont to consider Goethe's crowning good fortune! It might be asked, though, whether this errs not too much on the other side. After all, might-have-beens are notoriously difficult to evaluate. What, if you please, was the unsuccessful young lawyer to turn his hands to, in the Germany of those times with its wretchedly petty conditions, if this chance had not come, offering him independence and those opportunities for self-expression through manifold administrative activities which he no doubt had longed for?

It is true, we would infinitely prefer another immortal work of the caliber of "Hermann und Dorothea" or "Faust I" to all of the "Farbenlehre," the voluminous art-historic essays, and the "anticipations" of modern discoveries (not to speak of the numberless inanities which were the by-products of Goethe's social and political activities); but then we forget that without this multifarious life could not have been gained the poise, the ripe wisdom—in a word, the personality which modern Germany still prizes as Goethe's most precious bequest to his nation.

The same dissatisfaction with what might have been is shown in repeated animadversions on Goethe's "invincible dilatoriness" and its effect on many of his longer works, which, with few exceptions, are marred by second thoughts and inconsistencies to a degree that makes them happy hunting grounds for philologists. Yes, if only Mr. Robertson had been there to nudge him, forsooth then Goethe would have written all his major works *d'une haleine!* Mr. Robertson, unfortunately, leaves out of account the fact that Goethe was predominantly the lyric poet, very little the purposive dramatist, and not exceptionally gifted as a narrator. And, if you please, the lyric poet cannot always "command" his muse, much as our energetic and efficient age may dislike such concessions to "inspiration," "the mood," and would think it more businesslike for the poet to keep office hours, like the dentist. In days, nay, months, of flagging inspiration Goethe wisely busied himself with translating from others or with the semi-creative writing of biographies and the like. For all we know, by forcing the muse, patch-works like "Tasso" and "Wilhelm Meister" might have become stiff, frigid allegories like "Pandora," for which Mr. Robertson professes such admiration.

Why not rather be satisfied with what the gods gave us, and especially that wonderful profusion of lyrics, in originality, truth, musical quality still by all odds the best Germany has produced? This side of Goethe's production does not receive here a proportionally correct emphasis.

Much the best chapter is a revaluation of the celebrated friendship with Schiller, whose influence, we are now beginning to see, was not so altogether beneficial for the older poet as is generally assumed. But also in other respects the book will be stimulating reading, for those who approach Goethe for the first time, and still more for those who through years of acquaintance with him have achieved their own Goethe.

L. M. HOLLANDER

The City Negro

Negro Problems in Cities. By T. J. Woofter, Jr. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE Negro like the Jew is fast becoming a city dweller. He is laying down the plow and hieing him to the factory. At present four million Negroes, more than one-third of the Negroes in America, live in cities. Two millions of these have moved cityward since 1900, and a million and a half in the last ten years. These are to a great degree found in cities of 100,000 or more and are rapidly concentrating in the metropolitan centers of the East and the Middle West.

There are six cities in America now with more than 100,000 Negroes. Out of this movement come new problems of cultural adjustment as to mode of living, housing, organization, civic regulations, contacts, education, and recreation. New mental patterns are formed and new habits made. All this is accurately and concisely discussed in the present study of sixteen cities made under the direction of T. J. Woofter with the assistance of three helpers, two of whom are Negroes. The book is profusely illustrated by tables, maps, and graphs. The cities studied were Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Chicago, Gary, Dayton, Louisville, Lexington, Knoxville, New Orleans, Memphis, Charleston, Winston-Salem, Lynchburg, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richmond. These furnish a good cross-section of the North and South and the conclusions arrived at are most hopeful. The Negro is adjusting himself to his new environment and rapidly buying homes. He steadily spreads out to better districts and the friction developed from this finally ends. It is debatable whether his presence brings other than a psychic depreciation of property. While his natural increase in cities is lower than in the country, the trend points to this as being a temporary consequence of adjustment.

The principal cause of his susceptibility to certain diseases may be environmental and not biological. His migration to the North is helping his condition in the South. Segregation means discrimination and will not work. Negro high-school pupils in mixed schools increase very rapidly; in Indianapolis they increase in numbers faster than whites. The schools in the South suffer from small appropriations, overcrowding, poor curricula, and poor equipment. There is an interesting study of retardation in Northern schools and of intelligence-testing.

There are surprisingly few inaccuracies. One of these is the citation of decisions in New York courts in cases prior to 1918, the date of the present New York Civil Rights Bill, as if they still obtain. Most civil-rights cases with merit now brought in the New York courts are won. The book suffers, in addition, from the absence of a study of the industrial problems of the city Negro—problems which underlie most of the others named.

ROBERT W. BAGNALL

Across Mexico

Brimstone and Chili. By Carleton Beals. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. $5.

TO jaded and cynical souls who believe that real adventure is passing from the earth, this tale of true experiences in Mexico will come as a vivid revelation that neither man nor nature is yet tamed and conquered in vast and not too distant realms of our globe. The story of the wanderings of two brothers—one of whom gave out before the end of the journey—from San Francisco to Mexico City, as narrated by the barely surviving voyager, is as thrilling as anything Jules Verne ever imagined and has the greater poignancy of truth: it happened!

The reason for the adventure was just plain Wanderlust. The pretext was a yellowed map of a supposed cache of gold in the Yaqui River region of Sonora. The gold-seekers soon had no money, and earned their subsistence by their labor or their wits. Before starting southward across the desert the boys were warned that they were "committin' suicide, plain unadulterated suicide." That they did not commit it, but survived to tell the tale between cloth covers, proved repeatedly to be extraordinary good fortune achieved by the well-known hair's breadth. They almost died of starvation; nearly perished from thirst in the desert; nigh succumbed to exhaustion more than once; were laid low by fever and disease and barely pulled through; were swept like chaff in a deluge following a cloud-burst and three-quarters drowned; narrowly escaped being shot. The writer, pushing on alone, nearly froze to death amid the high peaks of the Sierra Madre of Durango. He survived the unforgettable horror of lying scarcely concealed in prickly cactus while a few yards away he saw two companions tortured to death by Yaqui Indians.

"Brimstone and Chili" is the most exciting story of real adventure I have ever read—and I haven't forgotten David Livingstone, George Kennan, Henry Savage Landor, and Scott's account of his last expedition.

But the book is more than a superior travel book and adventure yarn. It is an enormously important Mexican document. It is a series of close-ups of little-known regions with their inhabitants, pictures which could only have been secured in the daring and reckless way that this journey was undertaken. Without any pretense to be other than narration and description, the glimpses of Mexican folk-life will give the book lasting importance in a category close to the contributions of Lumholtz and Starr. It forms thus a valuable complement to Mr. Beals's brilliant "Mexico: An Interpretation," which clarifies more than any other book written in English the meaning of the Mexican Revolution. That earlier book is historical, economic, and social. "Brimstone and Chili" supplements it with scenery and a living cast of characters.

As a piece of descriptive writing the book is superb. One feels the searing heat of the desert; one fairly parches before the death-dealing blaze of the Sonora sun. There is a sense of the desolation and vastness and mystery of night on the arid plains. And beyond the Sierra Madre this unforgettable panorama of the other Mexico—that is not burning sand and bleached bones:

> Vast peaks and extinct volcanic cones poked into the clear azure morning sky. Little towns glistened like topazes in the green-gold bands of wide valleys and foothills. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, tall bell towers of churches and cathedrals pierced the turquoise sky. Cupolas glistened like fire in the morning sun. The altitude, the clarity of the atmosphere, the epic vastness of the scenery, the quaintness of the towns, the stark, architectural grandeur of solitary churches perched on the shoulders of bravado hills, the gleam of little lakes, the startling glimpses of trains of burros carrying charcoal or timber from the heights—everything had a mythical, lyrical quality—a vast canvas in an enormous frame of volcanic ruggedness.

"Brimstone and Chili" is a treasure-trove of human experience. Its action stirs the blood. Its information is stimulating to those who would hear about some quaint, remote, and little-known fellow-dwellers on this continent. Its descriptions meet the challenge of incredible natural beauty seeking an adequate record in the written word. It is a deeply satisfying book.

ERNEST GRUENING

Shakespeare and Company

The Organization and Personnel of the Shakespearean Company. By T. W. Baldwin. Princeton University Press. $6.

WITH the appearance of this book Professor Baldwin, known for some years to students of Elizabethan drama as a diligent and vigorous prosecutor of research among the dusty records of Shakespeare's age, makes his bow before a larger public than is supplied by the readers of scholarly periodicals. And it may be safely asserted that there has been no first book for years past so worthy of serious consideration and so useful in its effort to make the reader of Shakespeare "face the facts," to borrow the heading of one of Professor Baldwin's chapters. To face the facts with Professor Baldwin does not mean to squander time over speculations as to Shakespeare's alleged amours. On the contrary, we have here a scholarly study based on known facts of the organization, personnel, and working methods of the company which was Shakespeare's life-long instrument, the orchestra, so to speak, on which he played his dramatic compositions.

The gist of the author's findings is that Shakespeare's company was a close corporation formed on the model of a medieval guild, that each member had his own peculiar and special "line" or style of acting—one the king, another the clown, one the young lover, another the swaggering soldier. As one member retired from the company another was brought in not only to fill his place but to play his parts. Thus when Kemp, the clown of Shakespeare's early plays, left the company, Arnim was chosen to succeed him. Both were comic actors, but the difference between Peter, Bottom, and Dogberry on the one hand and Touchstone, Feste, and the Fool in "Lear" on the other corresponds to the difference between the boisterous humor of Kemp and the subtler wit of Arnim.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Working backward from the actor-lists in the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, lists supplied in all probability, as the author shows, by a former member of the company, and taking into account the known members of the company at any one time, it has been possible for Professor Baldwin to establish with approximate certainty the "lines" of the various members and so to attempt to cast Shakespeare's plays as originally performed. This part of the work needs fuller study and more detailed examination than the brief limits of this review permit. I cannot accept the early dating of several of Shakespeare's plays, particularly of "Hamlet," which is assigned in its early form to the summer of 1593. It seems incredible that if a play by Shakespeare even approximating the present form of his masterpiece had been in existence before 1598, Meres should have omitted it from his famous list in that year. Nor can I agree that the various references to the physical characteristics of certain characters in the plays correspond in every case to the actors who played these parts. It is hard to believe that Burbage at eighteen was a dwarf as Talbot and yet two years later by the author's dating was "fat and scant of breath" as Hamlet. The very interesting tables in which the author assigns the roles of the members of the company need further consideration, especially in regard to subordinate characters whose "line" is not always so clear as the author seems to believe.

The book is full of matter and not always easy reading. The appendix on Finance in the Shakespearean Company would demand an expert accountant to grasp its details. The records of the births, marriages, dwelling-places, and burials of the "Shakespearean clan" are bewildering in their multiplicity. But the book is, after all, a serious study, and as such will be indispensable to any thorough student of Shakespeare. The Princeton University Press is to be congratulated on the handsome format and the accuracy of its work.

T. M. PARROTT

Instalment Selling

The Economics of Instalment Selling. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. $8.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN and his coworkers have made a welcome and valuable contribution of facts and analysis to the controversy concerning instalment selling. Limited surveys of the situation have been made by Ayres and Plummer and others, but both friends and opponents of the extension of instalment selling have had few facts upon which to base their conclusions. The results of the new study are published in two volumes, the first of which is devoted to an introductory historical and statistical summary, and to the more important discussions of the nature, character, and effects of the system. The second volume contains a group of detailed studies representing a portion of the material upon which the conclusions of the first volume are based. The material which is most important from the viewpoint of the student of economic conditions is that obtained through the cooperation of the General Motors Company, and the conclusions, therefore, relate in large part to a sizable section of the motor-car business, which, of course, has furnished the chief example of instalment selling.

The significant conclusions of the study relate to the volume of instalment credit, the extent of credit losses, and the social effects of the instalment plan upon consumers.

The volume of outstanding instalment credits is apparently less in fact than popular beliefs or earlier and less complete studies represent it. The Seligman estimate of the amount of unpaid instalment indebtedness outstanding in 1925 is $2,201,000,000. While this figure is highly significant, we would be assisted in judging the direction of development by estimates for earlier years from which we might determine a trend. An increase in outstandings without corresponding increases in total instalment sales would indicate, of course, either an increased length in the credit term, increased delinquency in payments, or a decrease in the amount of down payment required on the purchase of consumption articles. An increase due to any one of the three causes would be an unfavorable sign.

It will appear to many also that credit losses from instalment selling are surprisingly small; but in interpreting data as to losses it is necessary to bear in mind that the General Motors Acceptance Corporation finances instalment paper only when dealers accept contingent liability. In the special study by Professor Fillipetti, upon which Professor Seligman bases his conclusions, the statement is made that automobile dealers are considered by bankers to be as good credit risks as average business men are. Careful selection of dealers by General Motors constituents would, of course, reduce the percentage of losses. The special study by Mr. Roby, of instalment collections in the Pennsylvania area directly affected by the coal strike, furnishes evidence that the danger of a debacle in a period of depression from over-extension of instalment selling is overestimated. In so far as General Motors experience is typical, the conclusions are important.

In some other lines there is evidence that the losses are not so slight. For instance, in the recent report on the electric equipment industry (Senate document No. 46, 70th Congress, First Session, page 133) the dealer-financing companies for electrical appliances which are controlled by the General Electric Company show a percentage of loss in 1926 many times as great as that of General Motors Acceptance Corporation; namely, approximately 1.7 per cent, as compared to .035 of 1 per cent.

The charge that instalment selling induces extravagant purchase introduces a long series of philosophical questions having to do with social benefit and social injury. Neither unwise buying nor extravagance started with the instalment system. The two have always been coupled with a sudden increase in earning power or in national income. The stories of worthy but impecunious individuals confronted by weekly instalment obligations larger than their total incomes have done valiant service in obscuring general tendencies. If these stories were not quite as numerous prior to the extension of the instalment plan, it is probably because we had to become accustomed to expecting certain people without judgment to live beyond their means; under the instalment system they were checked up more frequently and more active collection methods were pursued.

All who examine this study will hope that Professor Seligman and his associates, or other groups of scientific workers, may have further help from important industries in making additional studies to corroborate or modify the conclusions which have been arrived at in this excellent piece of investigation.

HARRY R. TOSDAL

Fiction Shorts

Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Biblical tales revamped in Negro dialect—and really funny, as funny as Milt Gross, though less strident. They might have been even funnier if Mr. Bradford had not attempted to make every one of his anecdotes illustrate over-obtrusively some particular characteristic of the Negro—his irresponsibility, his antagonism to the white man's morality, his religious anthropomorphism, etc. The creators of real folk-lore are not quite so conscious of their own mental and moral set.

Shipwreck in Europe. By Josef Bard. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Mr. Bard's over-ideological account of the intellectual adventures of a super-Babbitt in contact with the civilization of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Continent reminds one irresistibly of Henry James's "The Ambassador." In that work the American who came upon his errand of rescue fell under the enchantment of an integrated European culture. In Mr. Bard's tale the American comes to Europe to find his soul, undergoes psychoanalytic treatment, discovers a culture no longer sure of itself, no longer integrated, and flies back home, confused and despairing. An interesting thesis, though stiffly and coldly developed; one can but regret that the thesis should have absorbed the entire book.

The General's Ring. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Selma Lagerlöf's fairy-tale ring, stolen from the dead General Löwensköld, causes the acquisitive ghost to rise in quest of his property and brings tragedy to the innocent and guilty alike. After creating a somber background for her ghost, the author, overtaken by whimsy, dismisses him at the close with an abrupt and unconvincing casualness. The resulting inconsistency of mood weakens this otherwise neatly turned fable.

Crusade. By Donn Byrne. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

It is difficult but necessary to plod through the far from fanciful first pages of Mr. Byrne's latest fictional apology for Erin in order to be swept out suddenly, as per schedule, toward an amusing cinema finish, with the Irish knight accepting the Moslem faith that he may win the lady of his heart and the clean, wholesome pair making a Fairbanks swim to safety and happiness.

The Curse of the Tarniffs. By Count Edouard von Keyserling. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

A refreshing modernity of method redeems this otherwise obvious novelette dealing with emotional clashes among the Prussian aristocracy of the early twentieth century. An appended short tale, Father and Son, possesses a power lacking in the title story. C. P. F.

Books in Brief

Certain Rich Men. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

An age that delights to read sketches about obvious characters who are depicted with obvious humor and ease should of course have its desire gratified; and Mr. Minnigerode is obviously ready to gratify it at regular intervals. A versatile prestidigitator in the realm of stylistic tricks, he now pulls a snappy paragraph or a pat summary out of his sleeve, now shuffles his well-worn deck of adjectives, dots and dashes, and incomplete sentences into new and intriguing combinations, and, suavely wielding his magic wand of rhetoric, keeps his audiences amused and mystified until each act is concluded. He merits, indeed, the complete damnation that lurks in the shop-worn phrase of reviewers—he is eminently "both instructive and entertaining."

Biography: the Literature of Personality. By James C. Johnston. Foreword by Gamaliel Bradford. The Century Company. $2.50.

For many years Mr. Johnston read endless biographies and pondered over the art of life-writing; the results of his researches and reflections are now exposed in this book. Others have written of the history of biography, but Mr. Johnston is the first writer to blend objective history with a detailed critical interpretation—that is to say, his book is a genuine pioneer. Like most pioneers it has certain faults: it is a bit too dogmatic and authoritative; it uses the dissecting knife too frequently, and the knife's edge is not always keen; its style is often verbose and heavy-footed. Nevertheless, it does collate data and formulate critical principles that have hitherto remained fragmentary and undefined, and it is therefore a work of real worth.

SUN YAT-SEN'S

famous "Principle of Livelihood" is based on Maurice William's "Social Interpretation of History."

Dr. Sun says:
"William's . . . Social Interpretation of History . . . tallies exactly with the third principle of our party"—the Kuomintang.

Prof. John Dewey says:
(*in a letter to the author*)
"At a memorial meeting to Dr. Sun Yat-Sen last winter a year ago where I spoke I called attention to his use of your book."

To know the underlying causes of conflict in China and Russia you must read

THE SOCIAL INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY
By Maurice William

A Refutation of The Marxian Economic Interpretation of History.

By mail $3.00; add 15c postage.

Sotery Publishing Co., 22 West 74th St., N. Y.

TODAY
ALL EYES ARE ON
LATIN AMERICA

What North Americans—bankers, business men, diplomats—are doing in South America is reshaping Pan-American and world history. The nature and extent of our activities in these countries, which throw a significant light on the daily events of the recent Havana Conference, are traced in the following books, prepared under the editorship of

HARRY ELMER BARNES

and written by trained economists and highly competent investigators.

THE AMERICANS IN SANTO DOMINGO, *by Melvin M. Knight*
THE BANKERS IN BOLIVIA, ... *by M. A. Marsh*
OUR CUBAN COLONY, ... *by Leland H. Jenks*

These books not only throw a powerful spotlight on current affairs, but present an unforgettable picture of daily life in these colorful countries.

$1.00 each

Order Now At All Bookstores. By Mail—add 10c for postage. These books are cloth-bound, full-size, and printed on fine paper. Send for catalogue of 75 Vanguard titles.

VANGUARD PRESS 80 5th Ave., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Johnston's untimely death, which occurred before the results of a life-long labor had appeared in print, is most deplorable.

Hindu Mysticism. Six lectures. By S. N. Dasgupta. The Open Court Publishing Company. $2.

In this excellent little book Professor Dasgupta outlines with clearness and critical balance the main course of Hindu religious development from the Rig Veda down to modern times, including the intervening notions of the Brahmanas, the Yoga system, and Buddhism, the chief omission being Jainism. It may come as a surprise to some that he can stretch the term mysticism to cover the elaborate ritualism—magic to the *n*th degree—of the late Vedic period, but that is only a matter of definition, which our author logically defends. The part of the book that is most opportune is the last third, which discusses medieval and modern devotional mysticism—not that much has not already been written on this phase of Hinduism, but that this is probably the shortest yet most lucid and least technical account in English.

Seventeenth Century Lyrics. Edited by Norman Ault. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Ault's excellent anthology helps to bring order out of the chaos of seventeenth-century English poetry, much of which is still fugitive. Many new sources have been examined, and Mr. Ault has in every case taken his text from the earliest known source of a poem. This yields a chronology based strictly upon dates of appearance. The introduction is interesting among other reasons for its information concerning the popularity of certain of the pieces in their own century.

Rufus Choate: the Wizard of the Law. By Claude M. Fuess. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

Scores of toy-balloon Americans whose lives might furnish material for good individual essays are being deliberately inflated to dirigible size nowadays. Here is one of them. There was no need for this book; and Mr. Fuess, a straightforward and earnest plodder, has therefore been compelled to pad and puff.

Problems of Social Well-Being. By James H. S. Bossard. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

This is not a good book for propagandists with social panaceas, but it is an excellent reference for an instructor to use with students to orient them in a maze of disputatious opinions. This book is to be welcomed as a standard of scientific work in a field where "wishful writing" has long held the pole position.

A Two-Gun Cyclone. By B. E. (Cyclone) Denton. Dallas, Texas: B. E. Denton. $1.50.

"Cyclone" Denton tells how he roped one mustang out of a bunch and then, while his horse was holding it by the saddle-horn, "creased" (shot through the upper part of the neck) another mustang. The yarn is extraordinary even for a mustanger. But "Cyclone" was riding Topsy. He rode long trails and "swung a wide loop," and Topsy is a real part of his autobiographic account of horseback years in the unfenced West.

Imhotep, the Vizier and Physician of King Zoser and Afterward the Egyptian God of Medicine. By Jamieson B. Hurry. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Very little is known about Imhotep, the first physician ever to make his mark in this world, and so Dr. Hurry is forced to adorn his narrative with many asides and excursions. The result is a book full of repetitions, and hard to read. But it shows, at all events, a willing spirit, and the illustrations, whether pertinent or not, are excellent.

Drama

STEFAN ZWEIG'S "Volpone," alternating now at the Guild Theater with "Marco Millions," turns out to be a very much modified version of Ben Jonson's savage comedy. The savagery is still there, in an action which makes perhaps all that can be made out of the theme of greed for gold; but the language, of which there was undoubtedly too much for our nervous modern ears, is quite gone; and the characters, while they retain their old outlines, move quickly through an altered plot—altered particularly at the close, where the German author achieves an irony undreamed of by moral Ben. It is a cruel comedy, but highly amusing; and the Guild performance is, as usual, superb. Dudley Digges as Volpone and Alfred Lunt as Mosca are the best among several excellent actors, Mr. Lunt demonstrating here his extraordinary gifts in pantomime. M. V. D.

"March Hares" (Little Theater) creates a few moments of hilarious absurdity in the course of two or three hours of mild nonsense. This is the second—and apparently a successful—effort to revive a nice little play which is, however, so frail and slight that a stodgy Broadway audience might easily sniff it out of existence. F. K.

"The Greenwich Village Follies" (Winter Garden) offers what every other expensively produced revue offers—stunning sets, an agile chorus, and off-color humor. M. G.

"The Outsider" (Ambassador Theater) is a revival of a play originally produced four years ago. This controversy between the Royal College of Surgeons and a "quack" doctor is distinguished by the excellent acting of Isobel Elsom as the crippled girl and of Lionel Atwill as the doctor who cures her. R. L.

AMUSEMENTS □ LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD *Presents*
JOHN GOLDEN Theatre, 58th St., East of Broadway
Dinner intermission Eves. only at 5:30
Eugene O'Neill's
"STRANGE INTERLUDE"
THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. *in*
Week April 16 "MARCO MILLIONS"
Week April 23 "VOLPONE"
GUILD THEATRE, WEST 52nd STREET
Matinees Thursday and Saturday

48TH ST. THEATRE Ev. 8.30 Mats. Wed. and Sat.
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Community Church
34th Street and Park Avenue
JOHN ERSKINE
On "Moral Obligation to be Intelligent"
Tuesday, April 24th, at 8:15 P. M.
Tickets $1.10-$1.65 NOW at Community Church, 12 Park Ave. (34th St.), Jacob's Ticket Office, 1465 Broadway (42nd St.), Rand School, 7 E. 15th St., and College Drug Store, 115th St. and Broadway.
Century Forum

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Oil in Venezuela

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

AS the twenty-year dictatorship of General Juan Vicente Gomez, President of Venezuela, totters, the American and British oil interests are taking warning, but nevertheless they are still sinking new millions of capital into this new petrol Eldorado. They hope that some miracle will arise to save Gomez, or at least the type of government he represents. Under his benevolent protection they have brought Venezuela within the space of nine years into second place among petroleum-producing countries, and they confidently expect to perform even greater wonders if only Gomez will remain and so prevent the hostile legislation along Mexican and Colombian lines which would surely follow the collapse of the dictatorship. But Gomez is old; he is losing his political grasp.

Foreign oil interests have been peculiarly fortunate with respect to legislation in Venezuela; and their good fortune has been largely due to the kindly manner in which President Gomez, another Porfirio Diaz, has looked out for their welfare. Nowhere else in South America, unless it be Bolivia, do they meet with such hospitable treatment. While Gomez continues to encourage the development and exploitation of Venezuelan resources by foreign capital, the Colombian Government, following Mexico's lead, insists that all concession titles be reexamined as to their validity, Chile adopts a law forbidding the grant of concessions to foreigners pending an investigation by the government of the extent of Chilean resources, and Argentina considers a bill to nationalize the entire petroleum industry. Only in Bolivia are foreign oil-seekers bowed in with smiles, but Bolivia has not as yet produced oil in commercial quantities.

Before 1919 Venezuelan petroleum production was inconsequential. At the start of the active exploitation period, the year following the close of the World War, the annual output was 425,000 barrels; one field alone, the Seminole, was daily producing more than 300,000 barrels in the United States. Since 1919 Venezuelan production has virtually doubled each year; between 250,000 and 300,000 barrels are now hauled away each day from the prolific Maracaibo basin. In 1921 the production was 1,433,000 barrels; in 1922, 2,201,000 barrels; in 1923, 4,201,000 barrels; in 1924, 9,042,000 barrels; in 1925, 19,687,000 barrels; in 1926, 37,226,000 barrels, and in 1927, 64,400,000 barrels. Production for 1928 is estimated at 115,000,000 barrels, and this figure could be doubled were more adequate transport facilities available. Additional lake steamers are needed to lighter the oil across the bar which chokes the mouth of Lake Maracaibo, as are also additional ocean-going tankers to haul the stuff from the port of Maracaibo to refineries in the Dutch West Indies and in the United States. Plans for laying down pipe-lines from the field to a port yet unbuilt on the Paraguana peninsula have been discussed, but have got nowhere, principally because of the fear of the debacle into which Venezuela may be plunged when Gomez retires or is ousted. Present programs of the three largest producing companies for expanded facilities in the way of lake tankers and storage tanks are expected to bring the daily production to a point well above 300,000 barrels. As it is, Venezuelan production today is exceeded only by the United States, whose 1927 output was 903,800,000 barrels; it has passed even Mexico and Russia.

British interests are predominant in the Maracaibo area, but they are being hard pressed by American companies. Of the present daily production of 250,000 barrels, approximately 100,000 barrels are being taken by the Royal Dutch-Shell Group (British) and 30,000 by miscellaneous companies under its control. South American Gulf (Mellon-owned) is taking 55,000 barrels, while Lago Petroleum (Standard Oil of Indiana) is taking 65,000 barrels. In the last few months other American companies have announced plans for exploiting Venezuelan holdings, which should increase American control and production to a point which the British may never hope to overtake. California Petroleum and Union Oil of California have contracted with Pantepec Oil to spend $3,500,000 each in the next six years for exploration and development work in north central and eastern Venezuela. A more significant move was that of Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Creole Syndicate in pooling their Venezuelan interests, the former agreeing to provide $8,000,000 working capital for Creole Petroleum, a newly created corporation, which is to operate the pooled holdings. The transaction was described as "one of the most ambitious development projects ever undertaken in Venezuela." Elsewhere it was looked upon as the signal for another battle in the silent but portentous oil war between British and American interests.

The dictator, Gomez, alone stands between the foreign exploiters and a "Mexicanization" of Venezuela. Small wonder, then, that although the British and Americans are bitter rivals for the petroleum deposits, they are united in desiring to keep Gomez in power. By discreet use of their influence they may succeed, but they are nevertheless prepared for the retirement of the President-dictator, which may come in April of 1929.

Juan Vicente Gomez, then Vice-President, stepped quietly into the Presidential office on December 19, 1908. Cipriano Castro, the old dictator, was at the time in Berlin, whither he had gone for a surgical operation. Castro remained permanently in exile; Gomez has since ruled Venezuela with hard, even cruel, efficiency. Under his administration native public opinion has been ruthlessly suppressed; free speech, free assembly, and free press, although guaranteed by the constitution, have to all practical purposes been tossed into the dictator's ash-can. At the same time highways and public works have been built, the foreign debt virtually wiped out, and banditry, scourge of most Latin-American nations, driven across the borders. Venezuela, on the surface at any rate, is prosperous. Highway construction has brought employment at high wages to the lower classes; labor in the oil-fields has been equally as remunerative.

But the greatest benefits have gone to the foreign oil people. Like Porfirio Diaz, who ruled Mexico from 1876 to 1910, Gomez has left nothing undone to make foreign capital at home in Venezuela. Inasmuch as petroleum has been the principal magnet for outside capital and ingenuity, he has assumed complete personal control of the oil industry. Four times, in 1910, 1914, 1922, and 1925, the national constitution has been rewritten at his behest in order that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT ARE THE FIELDS OF JEWISH SOCIAL WORK?
"(1) . . . Community Organization . . . those activities which concern themselves primarily with the organization and development of resources in the Jewish community for meeting its problems . . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 3).

The Training School for Jewish Social Work

Offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several scholarships and fellowships ranging from $250 to $1500 are available for especially qualified students.

The regular course begins July 9th, 1928.

April 30th is the last day for filing application for the maintenance fellowships.

For information, address The Director

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK
210 WEST 91ST STREET NEW YORK CITY

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY
"Creating the New World Outlook"
Green Acre, Eliot, Maine

LECTURE COURSES—SECOND SEASON

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, Ph.D. of Princeton
July 30-August 3
Five lectures on *"The World Today in Terms of World Unity"*

FRANK HAMILTON HANKINS, Ph.D. of Smith College
August 6-10
Five lectures on *"Racial Differences and International Harmony"*

EDWIN ARTHUR BURTT, Ph.D. of University of Chicago
August 13-17
Five lectures on *"Science, Philosophy and Religion"*

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, Ph.D. of Cornell University
August 20-24
Five lectures on *"The Evolution of Religion"*

Terms
4 courses $20 1 course $5 Single lecture $1.50

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY
The purpose of the Institute is to promote consideration of the new viewpoints and principles accepted by responsible scholars in history, science, philosophy and religion, especially those which create a real basis for faith in the capacities of humanity to achieve the spirit of unity and co-operation in all that pertains to the vital interests of mankind.

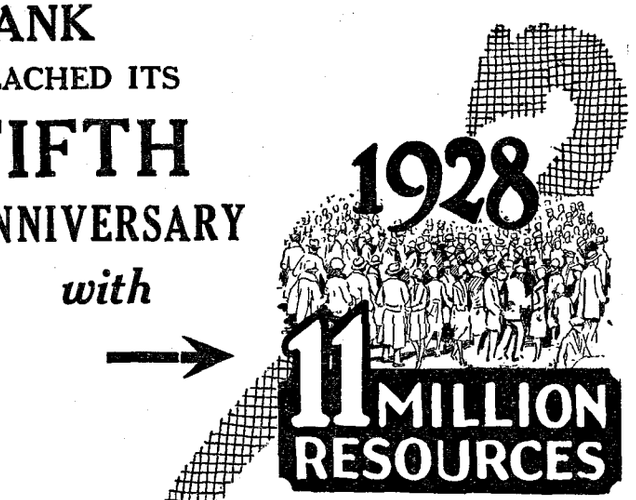
The site is noted for its remarkable natural beauty and healthfulness. Two hundred acres, Inn, cottages, community house, library, arts and crafts studio, theatre, dormitories and camps. Bathing, boating, tennis, golf, etc.

Accommodations at reasonable rates.

Send for Prospectus today.

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY
4 East 12th Street, New York City

On April 14th, the
AMALGAMATED BANK REACHED ITS FIFTH ANNIVERSARY *with*



A GROWTH of 500% in 5 years

Money sent to all parts of the World by Radio, Mail or Cable

We pay 4½ PER CENT

because our policy is to divide profits with our depositors.

A month's interest FREE
All deposits made on or before April 30th earn interest from April 1st.

AMALGAMATED BANK
15 UNION SQ. N.Y. City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he might the better accomplish this purpose. Under the 1925 constitution the Congress was stripped of its power to pass upon concessions granted to foreign oil and mining companies, this power being reserved to the President.

How rich Gomez has become in the last few years no man can say; it would be difficult to point out the exact line of demarcation between the government finances and the dictator's personal fortune in a situation wherein Gomez the government, and Gomez the private individual are one and the same person. Moreover, he has filled many strongboxes with the returns from judicious personal investments in the foreign oil companies to which he himself has granted concessions. To these he may snugly retire.

But Gomez hesitates to retire. Doubtless he would like to do so; he is advanced in years and lately has been ill; opposition to his dictatorship has been growing. Yet should he withdraw his hand the good work of the last two decades might be undone overnight. The oil companies share his fear. Looking about him, Gomez undoubtedly sees among his opponents not only those Venezuelans who are logically opposed to him but others who envy him his immense wealth, and still others, once friendly to the dictator, who see his power waning and therefore are preparing to unseat him if they can or to seize the government by force if he voluntarily retires. The riots and strikes in February and April of this year unmistakably indicate an increasing willingness on the part of the Venezuelan population to join in demonstrations against the activities, if not the rule, of Gomez. Only the dictator's strong hold on the army prevented the Caracas disorders from spreading through the country.

As April 19, 1929, the date when his present term expires, draws near, there is being discussed in Caracas and other South American capitals the question of who shall succeed Gomez; it is usually taken for granted that he will not succeed himself. One group of his followers wants him to provide for a popular election of a new President; another group is urging the establishment of an hereditary dictatorship, apparently with an eye to a possible monarchy, with one of the President's two sons as his successor. The sons, Generals Juan C. and Jose Vicente Gomez, are now first and second Vice-Presidents, respectively. A third group, which may or may not be backed by foreign oil capital, is proposing that the department of Zulia, in which the Maracaibo basin is situated, secede from Venezuela in the event the Gomez dictatorship is terminated. This faction will continue the Gomez policies with regard to oil.

The future of Venezuela depends to a large extent upon the events of the next ten or twelve months. What removal of Gomez and his family will mean no one in touch with the situation dares forecast. But the oil men, fearing hostile legislation of the Mexican or Colombian sort, are ready for almost any eventuality. They have restricted their permanent investments as far as possible, putting in only enough machinery to bring the oil out of the ground and to the ships. Some storage tanks have been built, but only because not enough ocean tankers are available to haul the petroleum away as fast as the wells can produce it. In a few cases the companies have been required by law to build hospitals for their employees. Refineries have not been built; the Royal Dutch-Shell interests take their oil to Curaçao to be refined, while the American companies haul their crude to the United States. When the blow falls, the foreign oil speculators will be ready to pull out.

THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA—SUMMER OF 1928

The two greatest nations on the earth no longer know each other. Volumes have been written. But in the past ten years a mere handful of American social workers, writers and business men has seen revolutionary Russia at work. Still fewer Russians have visited this country, and the American who goes into Russia today is something more than a tourist.

Last summer two parties of American students and intellectual workers, men and women, were enabled to visit Russia through the instrumentality of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. They were received by the Society of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries and the Sovtorgflot. The same organizations are again welcoming a few groups. Each will comprise eight members under the leadership of an informed American, and will be accompanied in Russia by a Russian interpreter.

Itineraries: 3, 4, 5 and 6 weeks.
Inclusive round trip prices: $770 to $1080
Sailings: June 23rd, June 30th and July 7th
Visas: Application through the Open Road

THE OPEN ROAD, INC.
2 WEST 46 ST., NEW YORK

VISIT
SOVIET RUSSIA
THIS SUMMER

All tours include a 10-day stay over in MOSCOW and LENINGRAD, where places of historical and educational interest will be visited.

GROUPS SAILING

May 25—Carmania.	July 6—Caronia.
May 30—Aquitania.	July 9—Aquitania.
Via London, Kiel Canal, Helsingfors. Return. Warsaw, Berlin, Paris.	Via Paris, Berlin, Riga. Return, Warsaw, Rotterdam, London.
$450 and up.	$500 and up.

Inquire: WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.
Tel. Algonquin 6900 69 Fifth Ave. New York

The Intellect Is Organizing
Those, whom that concerns, are advised to read the "Crillon" article in the "Intellect Quarterly." Write for copy to: Box 734, Fort Myers, Fla., enclosing 10c in stamps for printing and mailing.
BARUKH JONAS

THE MYTH OF ADAM AND EVE
By Paul Lafargue
The Genesis story studied in the light of modern anthropology. Brilliant, fascinating, suggestive. 25 cents, postpaid.
Charles H. Kerr & Co., 347 East Ohio St., Chicago

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers at Manufacturer's Price.
Suit Lengths Cut to Order. Postage Paid.
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED